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DEEMS TAYLOR, *Editor* HOLLISTER NOBLE, *Managing Editor*

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VERNE PORTER, *President*

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Michigan Avenue at Jackson Boulevard. Telephone: Harrison 2543-2544.

Margie A. McLeod, *Business Manager*.

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EDWARD JOHNSON

1929

Returns for the
Seventh Consecutive Season

with the
Metropolitan Opera Co.

in *L'Amore Dei Tre Re*

"Bringing back to the stage the most poetic and throbbing realization of *Avito* that it has known"
—WILLIAM J. HENDERSON, *New York Sun*, January 21st, 1929.

This is "Insufficient record of the lambent beauty of the performance of '*L'Amore dei Tre Re*,' which took place in the afternoon. It was one of those representations which arouses an audience by its glowing passion, its musical beauty and its dramatic force. Miss Bori as *Fiora* never sang the part with more captivating tone and intensity of delivery. Edward Johnson made his reappearance with the company, bringing back to the local stage the most poetic and throbbing realization of *Avito* that it has known."



Victor Records

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Metropolitan Musical Bureau

33 West 42nd Street, New York City

Baldwin Piano

Musical America

¶ When we took over the management of MUSICAL AMERICA more than a year ago, we had to make some definite decisions.

¶ Were we to publish a paper devoted only to the professional, or were we to broaden our field to include as our readers all those seriously interested in the best type of music?

¶ In other words, were we to tell the professional about the professional, glorify music to the musician, and remain a strong force in a small field—or, were we to become the great propagandist for music in an enormously enlarged field?

¶ Mr. Deems Taylor was not long in fixing upon a definite policy. This policy was to make music and professional musicians better known, better understood, better appreciated, and better loved by all those who like good music. We began these changes more than a year ago. You saw the publication being reborn upon a scale never dreamed of by its revered founder. This remoulding process was a slow one but in the hands of Mr. Taylor it took form. We believe that Mr. Taylor is not only one of the greatest composers in the world today, but one of the best editors.

¶ The great mass of our old and valued readers remain with us. They expressed themselves as liking the changes as being in keeping with the times. Some of the less progressive one dropped away from us because they resented the encroachments of progress. We did not like to see them go, but at the same time we welcomed the thousands of new, alert-minded and modern readers who came into our circulation fold. Our circulation at this time is well on its way to being twice as large as when we took over the management.

¶ We feel that we have played fair with them. We have told the truth when it has hurt our business interests—but we have told the truth. Some advertisers have dropped away from us because our critics could not honestly say complimentary things about them. We were sorry to lose their advertising but we could not lie to our readers.

¶ Today you see our most radical change.

¶ We would rather give you a better and bigger magazine fortnightly than a weekly. We have been unable to find any real economic or social reason why a musical publication should be a weekly, and time does not permit us to give you two weeklies nearly as polished and finished and interesting as one fortnightly. We have made up our minds to give you the greatest music magazine ever issued.

¶ The subscription price has been reduced to \$2 a year. The reason for this is, frankly, we can build an already rapidly growing circulation five times more rapidly at \$2 a year than we can at \$5 a year. We want every lover of good music in America to read MUSICAL AMERICA and we are ready to take a great loss on our circulation income to place this magazine in every one's hands.

¶ Rather than raising our advertising rates, we have lowered them somewhat to take into consideration our smaller page size. The space of those advertisers already under contract with us will be adjusted accordingly so that they will receive more under their contracts than we at first agreed upon.

¶ We know you will like the change. We know that after you are adjusted to it you will find that you get more out of one fortnightly issue than you did out of two, or possibly three, weekly issues. We would not do anything to lose your friendship; rather, we are making these changes in the belief that we will heighten your interests and increase your loyalty.

VERNE PORTER
President



LOOKING DOWN INTO NEW YORK'S NEW OPERA CENTER

THIS group of old buildings will soon be razed to make way for the huge plaza and structures to be grouped about a new Metropolitan Opera House. For this project John D. Rockefeller, Jr., has leased from Columbia University the valuable plot bounded by 48th and 51st Streets and Fifth and Sixth Avenues. The silhouette of the steeple of the Collegiate Church of St. Nicholas in the foreground cuts across the opera house site with the tip indicating Sixth Avenue.

In leasing this site—a project which entails a total rental of \$261,000,000 over a period of eighty-seven years—Mr. Rockefeller undertakes a comprehensive real estate development which, it is hoped, will form the background of the new opera house. It is interesting to reflect that this property is now worth six thousand times its appraised value a hundred years ago. The present site, where New Yorkers have been going for their opera since 1883, is now understood to be on the market at a reported value of \$10,000,000.



Opera Versus Vegetables

A GUILTY BYSTANDER CONTEMPLATES LONDON MUSIC

By Ernest Newman

MUSIC in London is just beginning to stretch its torpid arms and legs again after its winter sleep. The Englishman, being by the grace of God the laziest animal on earth—we owe it to our masterly inactivity and our laziness, which has often prevented our doing the wrong thing as well as the right thing, that the British flag now floats over so large a part of the world—seizes on any excuse whatever to take a holiday, especially from the exercise of his intellectual faculties. Did not our railways, last Christmas time, announce as a special attraction the extension of the ordinary week-end ticket from Friday to Thursday? In music there is always a blank period between about the middle of December and the middle of January. Now and then, perhaps, a pianist or a fiddler who is either very bold or very stupid will hire a hall and give a recital in the close season; but nobody takes any notice of the rash fellow. He is like the belated fly one sees crawling over the window pane in the late autumn, long after every fly with a grain of intelligence has given up the hopeless struggle; and the critics are so tired out after many months of work, and so weary of insect slaughter, that they do not even take the trouble to go out and swat him.

But about the middle of January things begin to move again. Not that we do very much, but we talk a good deal. There is always some wonderful movement on foot in English music; it is like Mr. Snodgrass, who kept taking off his coat and announcing in impressive tones that he was about to begin. The world must not be too hard on us. It must give us time; it is hardly more than seventy years or so since we began beginning. (I have a choice collection of newspaper and magazine cuttings dating from anything from fifty to seventy years ago, all of them advocating the establishment of a permanent opera and a permanent orchestra in London, and all of them using precisely the same arguments and answering precisely the same objections as those that bore us to tears today).

Perhaps, however, we are really getting on. We are not much more than twenty years or so behind the rest of the world in operatic matters; and we have been thrilled to the marrow by the announcement that next summer we are to be given A NOVELTY at Covent Garden. What it is to be we have not yet been told, so we can only divide our spare time hoping for the best and fearing the

worst. But to be promised an operatic novelty at all in London is to set our hearts beating wildly.

They had better hurry up with their novelties, for the days of dear old Covent Garden are numbered. I understand that a mortgage and the threat of foreclosing have long been hanging over the heads of the people who give opera there; and now comes the news that the old building will have to come down in about a couple of years to permit of extensions to the vegetable market. The mere announcement of that was sufficient to call out the qualities that have made England great. Your Englishman will be completely indifferent all his life to the welfare of an institution; but threaten to destroy it and at once he becomes sentimental about it. The Press has been brightened by letters from good souls who cannot see that it is much more important that London should have cabbages than that it should have opera—for cabbages at least contain vitamins. The very day I am writing this there is a letter in one of the London dailies in which the writer passionately cries to the mute heavens to work a miracle. "Are there no enlightened millionaires . . . who will save us from this sacrilege? Pevensey was recently salvaged from the butchers; will not someone save Covent Garden from the greengrocers?" The answer is in the negative. There are no enlightened millionaires in England. The English millionaire will give or leave his money to the queerest objects—usually with the idea of purchasing a seat in heaven—but never to music. He will give a hundred thousand pounds to some worthy religious cause, such as the Royal Society for the Prevention of Constipation among Baptist Ministers; but he will not give a hundred pence to help the Baptist minister to hear "Parsifal."

All the same, we are really getting on, thanks to one or two persistent individuals who decline to be beaten—such as Sir Thomas Beecham and one or two wealthy corporations that are capable of looking ahead. Sir Thomas

Beecham's national opera scheme will probably not be realized in full along the lines originally planned, for it is notoriously difficult to induce the community to make even the smallest sacrifice for its own ultimate benefit; but the scheme, one gathers, will go through all right on other lines. But obviously a practical start cannot be made for some time yet; and with the deliverance of Covent Garden into the grimy hands of the banana and cauliflower merchants the



people at the back of the scheme will soon be faced with the problem of providing not only a national opera, but a national opera house. Meanwhile real progress seems to have been made with the plan for a first-rate London orchestra in the almost immediate future. Not much definite information has been made public as yet; but apparently the scheme is the joint product of Sir Thomas Beecham and his friends, the British Broadcasting Corporation, and one of the big gramophone companies. Sir Thomas will have a good orchestra not only for concerts but for his opera; the B. B. C. will have a good orchestra for broadcasting; the gramophone company will have a good orchestra for its recording; and the public will benefit along all three lines. So in this department, at any rate, everything seems for the best in the best of all possible worlds.

THE minor musical life of the town is always more active than the major, except in the summer, when Covent Garden is open. Our proximity to the Continent insures us a steady supply of good soloists and chamber music organizations, and in the latter field we now make quite a respectable showing on our own account. Good singers are relatively scarce in our concert rooms; but the supply of fine pianists is almost greater than the demand. The most popular pianist here at the moment is Artur Schnabel. He came to London three or four years ago unknown and unboosted, and a strange thing happened. In spite of the fact that he was obviously a pianist with brains, he caught on almost at once. The really instructed musical public in London is not a very large one, perhaps; but when it is moved it is moved *en masse* in the same direction, and the direction at present is towards wherever Schnabel may be playing. It is very gratifying; for a pianist who makes less appeal to the little weaknesses of the ordinary concertgoer could hardly be imagined. I

fancy that the secret of Schnabel's popularity among the connoisseurs is his Brahms and Beethoven playing. Those of us who heard him in the last of Beethoven sonatas and the second Brahms concerto will always remember these experiences as being among the richest of our whole musical life. The bigger and more thoughtful the music, the more brains there are at the back of it, the bigger does Schnabel become; and to those of us who look to the greatest music to compensate us for having to listen to so much music that is anything but great, an hour with Schnabel is compensation for a good deal.

THE most interesting orchestral concerts just now are in the main those of the B. B. C., for it alone has the money to launch out either on new programs or conductors. A few days ago it gave us Stravinsky's "Sacre" and Debussy's "Martyrdom of St. Sebastian," both under Ansermet. To give the latter in the concert room was perhaps a mistake, for it depends largely for its effect on the stage action; but to broadcast it was perhaps an even greater mistake. Heaven only knows what it must have sounded like to listeners who had not even a book of words to guide them! The "Sacre," which has not been heard in London for some years, fell rather flat. Those of us who already knew it felt that a good deal of the old physical thrill had gone out of it, while the dull moments in it seemed duller than ever. But we could at least appreciate once more its historical importance, whereas the plain man who had never heard it before was horrified and revolted by it as his forefathers were some ten or fifteen years ago. I speak occasionally on music for the B. B. C., and since the evening of the "Sacre" I have been bombarded from all over the country with letters imploring me to curse the vile thing with bell, book and candle. Evidently the plain man still finds some difficulty in getting rid of his old harmonic prepossessions.

IRISH SONG

By Ethel Kelley

I'm light on my feet and a wild one for dancin'.
There should be a lad by the ripe of the moon,
For it's "Fiddle, my dear, and take heed what you're
chancin'!"
There should be a lad and I'd marry him soon.



I'm wise in the heart but a weak one for lovin'.
There should be a lad in the blue of the dark.
I'd say, "Does it mind if you're restin' or rovin'?"
I'll follow you straight by the road of the lark."

I'm light on the feet but a strange one for weepin'.
There should be a lad and a song with a tune.
I'd say, "Lad, keep faith—for it's faith I've been keepin'."
There should be a lad—and I'd marry him soon.

Con Molto Ardore

A NOTE ON THE SPONTANEITY OF THE LATIN TEMPERAMENT

By Hiram Motherwell



WHEN "Cavaleria Rusticana" exploded among the opera houses of the world, the general comment was to the effect that here the passionate voice of the Italian people had found spontaneous expression. The hot ardor of the sunburnt south, the authentic passion of a primitive soul, had at last told the tale of its joys and sorrows.

There was in all this comment the notion that Italians—the true, unspoiled Italians whose roots are deep in the soil—do not calculate, but burst out, when their emotions are stirred, in operatic arias in the market place and inspire the village belle with passion or sting the hated rival to vengeance.

Now I, personally, have a profound respect for "Cavaleria Rusticana," as a music-drama which tells its story succinctly and with due musical pressure on the crucial spots. But I have lived long enough in Italy to understand that the triumphs of the Latin genius in art are not triumphs of "uncontrollable passion," but rather of careful calculation resulting from generations of shrewd smelling of which way the wind blows. The Latin genius needs no apology from me; it carried the burden of civilization in the twelfth, thirteenth, fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, and has ever since added its brilliant quota to world civilization. But it is just as well to know what that genius has to offer us, and not to load on to it qualities which are foreign to it, and which it never claimed.

When we speak of the spontaneity of the Latin temperament we have in mind, I imagine, shortish young fellows clad in sashes and guitars, capering through the streets of Naples and repeatedly bursting out into "Sole Mio," or "Oh, Marie," to the accompaniment of laughter and sighing and the strumming of catgut. Now you can hear just this in Naples, it is true. Almost every tourist does. You get off your train, and almost before you have had time to wash at your hotel you are accompanied by your guide down to the water-front restaurants. Hardly are you seated before there appears a quartet, say of two men and two women, armed with mandolin, guitars and tambourine. They sing "Sole Mio" and "Oh, Marie" and "Funicula" with explosive energy, the tenor every now and then doing a handspring and emitting a cheerful whoop while the baritone gives the contralto a resounding thwack on the posterior. It is all so gay, so unself-conscious, so spontaneous. It is, indeed, a pretty good show. But the instant the performance is ended and one of the quartet is passing the hat, note the faces of the other three. What weary, listless torpor is there! If ever you want to see

weary, listless torpor it is there! If ever you want to see the futility of life graven on a human countenance, gaze at the face of one of these Neapolitan purveyors of spontaneous folk song.

This is, of course, an extreme example of the double point I am suggesting—namely, that the Latin temperament is not youthful and impetuous, but old and worldly-wise; and that the art which it creates carries its effect of freshness because it is carefully calculated according to the rules of an ancient and cherished tradition. To take another example: you might suppose that an Italian duel (let us say, over a beautiful young girl) was the expression *par excellence* of impetuous youth risking all for the lure of romance. Nothing of the sort, I assure you. The duel is not undertaken until after elaborate legalistic preliminaries, and then you fight under a series of rules which it requires two hundred pages in a printed book to explain, and you or your seconds have to know every one of those rules or you are sure to be disqualified. Because the Latin culture is old and worldly wise, the more primitive and violent the emotions it has to deal with, the more it encircles them with rigid conventions.

OR ANOTHER example of Latin spontaneity, equally familiar to the tourist. Who has not been stirred by the simple gratitude of the Italian servant at receiving a few coppers in recognition of a humble service? So touching! It comes straight from the depths of a simple heart! It does not. It comes from centuries of training in good manners. The expression of this gratitude is nicely adjusted to the circumstances. It is never overdone; it is never servile. Many tourists characterize it as "artless." What better proof could there be that it is a fine art?

But if you want a real example of gratitude, get ready for something very different from bowing and floor-scraping. Catch an Italian servant's gratitude at his heart (which is usually by doing something for his baby) and you set in motion an amazing routine of ceremony. The family calls on you with a cake, or perhaps with an atrocious oil painting of Vesuvius. The compliments must be exchanged for half an hour to the accompaniment of clinking glasses. Ever afterward on the baby's nameday you will receive a card, to which you must respond. Woe to the tourist who tries to pay for the cake. It is a mortal insult.

In other words, when you touch the Italian's heart you touch a rigid form and code. Italian lovers, when they become serious, do not flirt and pet. They stay apart and ask their parents to discuss the financial details.

But the short-breathed, quick-action, whirlwind "emotional"

(Continued on page 55)





MR. BOK'S BELLS, BELLS, BELLS

The singing tower and bird sanctuary at Mountain Lake, Florida, containing the world's largest carillon, given by Edward Bok to America, the land of his adoption. President Coolidge presided at the dedication services held recently.

A FEW days ago I reread the "Declaration of Intentions" by MUSICAL AMERICA's—then—new editor that appeared in the issue of August 27, 1927. Having travelled some distance down a road paved with those intentions, I was curious to see how they looked at a distance. ¶ I must say that even now, a year and a half sadder and wiser, I still believe that the aims and principles of MUSICAL AMERICA, as defined in that declaration, are the right ones. This paper aims to be, it said, incorruptible in reading matter and advertising; uncompromising without being intolerant; patriotic without being provincial; and hospitable to all honest criticism. And for the carrying out of this part of our program we owe, I think, no apologies to anyone. ¶ But, said the program, we were also to be "entertaining and understandable from cover to cover; accurate in the presentation of news; and unbiased and authoritative in the expression of opinion." Here, while we have not, I believe, wholly failed, we have by no means wholly succeeded. Nor shall we, ever. No periodical ever published or to be published can succeed in being completely entertaining, understandable, unbiased, and authoritative to every one of its readers; for these values are matters of individual opinion. "You can't please everybody" is no figure of speech. ¶ Just the same, it is fun to try; and the new MUSICAL AMERICA that lies before you is our attempt to carry out more completely the second part of our program, to come a little nearer to pleasing our readers—and ourselves—than we have ever come before. ¶ The page size of the magazine is smaller and the typographical dress is simplified, making it pleasanter to look at and easier to read. The number of pages has been increased, making the magazine less flimsy to handle. Our pictures are larger; and the paper upon which they are printed is as good as money can buy. ¶ We have a list of contributors of which I think we have every right to be proud—not, by the way, a special roster of famous names collected for this one special issue, but a list that is typical of what we shall be able to offer you in every issue to come. We have strengthened the old departments and added new ones, with others on the way. In short, if intention bears any relation to accomplishment, we have improved both the appearance and the contents of the entire magazine. ¶ Naturally, we are not yet even within sight of our goal; but we do feel that the direction in which we move is the right one, and we venture to hope for your company on the journey.

DEEMS TAYLOR.

February 8, 1929

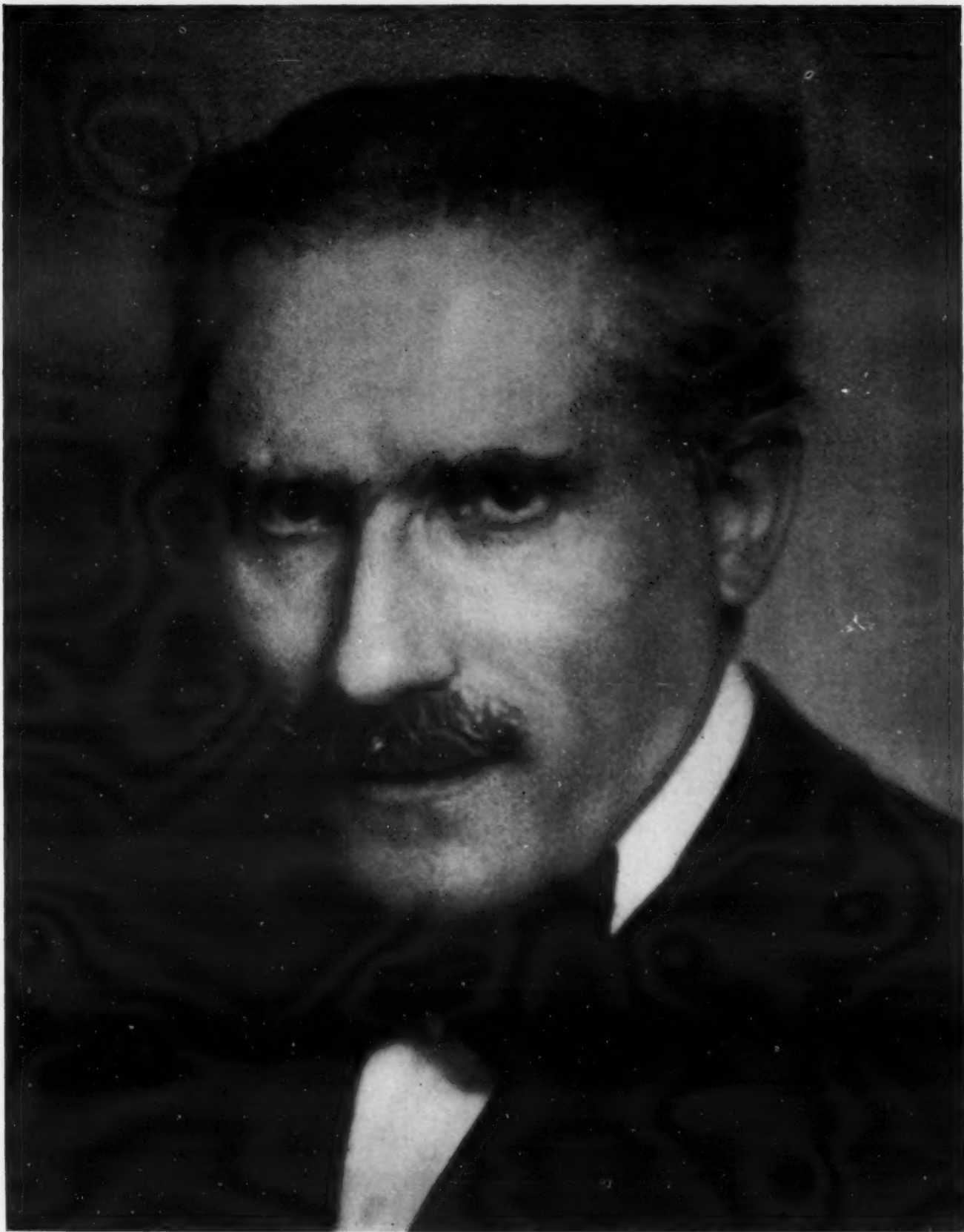


Photo by Laviosa

THE GENIUS OF LA SCALA

ARTURO TOSCANINI, whose electrifying personality will be seen, heard and felt at Carnegie Hall on February 21 by the Thursday night subscribers of the New York Philharmonic-Symphony society, and thereafter for the twenty-seven concerts that will fill out the remainder of the New York season. Mr. Toscanini's arrival

has been imminent for some time. Twice has he been delayed by ill health and conflicting engagements in Italy, and rumors of his coming or not were as busy as the cable wires between New York and Milan. Mr. Toscanini will conduct six concerts with the orchestra on tour.

WAGNER AND THE BLUE PENCIL

A CRITIC CHALLENGES CONDUCTORIAL INFALLIBILITY

By Herbert F. Peyser

IF the melancholy exhibitions of the German Opera Company last month did nothing else they at least provided an opportunity for a little straight thinking on the matter of cuts in Wagner. This has seldom—more's the pity—been a topic of special popular or professional concern. Its issues are shrouded in confusion and sometimes in gross darkness. The public, absorbing its "Tristan" and its "Siegfried" at the Metropolitan Opera House is, at best, vaguely aware that these works have been shortened in order that it may go home earlier. It accepts without question the wisdom of the policy which ordains such curtailments. It does not know what the abbreviations are, nor is it aware how much or how little time it has gained by them. Ninety-nine people out of a hundred could not tell you what portions of the score which they have listened to were elided. Here and there you will find some who think that however much has gone by the board more ought to follow.

I have no intention of broaching a barren debate as to the wisdom of uncut against the folly of incomplete presentations, or the reverse. I believe unabridged performances of Wagner feasible on special occasions; and for my own particular pleasure I should never willingly part with a bar of anything from the "Dutchman" to "Parsifal." But that is neither here nor there. Under ordinary conditions in a city like New York cuts are a social and economic necessity. My objections are not against cuts as such but against the manner in which cuts are made. And my chief quarrel with Artur Bodanzky on this score has been the insensitiveness and inconsistency of his system. It is an excellent thing to save time. But it is a villainous thing to sacrifice good music and not save time.

My lamented friend, the late William Henry Humiston, who knew more about Wagner than anyone I ever encountered, used to say that cuts in the Wagnerian scores "ought to be made with prayer and fasting." Mr. Bodanzky, for all I know, may have passed weary nights in pious vigil and may have fasted to emaciation in the process of determining what he ought to remove from the heroic bulk of "Meistersinger" and "Götterdämmerung" in order to tailor them to Metropolitan needs. If he did, his meditations were not wholly prosperous or else the Humiston theory needs qualifying. For the estimable con-

ductor has long been in a peculiar quandry. Some find that he cuts Wagner too little, some that he cuts too much, and occasionally you will meet a mortal who does not know he has cut at all.

It is an irksome and a paradoxical situation and it shows that no one system of cutting will satisfy everybody. The trouble with those who clamor loudest for a reduction of Wagnerian lengths is that they are unwittingly demanding the impossible. There are points beyond which Wagner simply cannot be cut, short of becoming an incoherent jumble. You cannot, as my illustrious Wagnerian friend and colleague, Mr. Lawrence Gilman, once pointed out, "make 'Tristan' a curtain-raiser to 'Pagliacci'." Neither can you practice on "Tristan" or anything else apart from "Rheingold" and "The Flying Dutchman" a Procrustean operation that will reduce them to the duration of "Tosca" or "Butterfly" or "Jonny Spielt Auf." Against the irreducible minimum there avails only this threefold remedy of desperation—

(1) don't stay in the opera house after you tire; (2) don't go to the opera house at all; (3) don't give Wagner except fragmentarily, in concert form.

When Tullio Serafin took "Siegfried" under his wing at the Metropolitan last

season he restored certain passages in each of the three acts that Mr. Bodanzky had long since suppressed. These restorations added perhaps six minutes to the duration of the performance, though it was solemnly asseverated in one newspaper that the Italian leader had lengthened the representation by almost half an hour. But by means of these small restitutions Mr. Serafin corrected some of the most flagrant outrages of the Bodanzky version.

LET ME illustrate with a case or two: In the mighty scene of the third act between Wotan and Erda there is a passage of fifteen bars ("Sie trotzte dem Stürmebezwinger," etc.) which one always heard under Alfred Hertz but which disappeared with the coming of Mr. Bodanzky. The tempo is fairly fast, the time consumed by the passage about twenty-five seconds. The German conductor executed his cut by a spring from the dominant seventh of G minor to the dominant seventh of A major—in this place a peculiarly harsh, distressing and wholly un-Wag-

CAPRICE

By Louise Dutton

Half a hundred singing stars
Pipe for you to dance
To delights and dreams and wars,
Fairyland and France,
Portugal and Donegal,
Mars and Arcady.
Dance to one and dance to all,
But do not dance with me.
I shall sit by rushlight,
By a dim lagoon,
All the night, the starving night,
Crying for the moon.

If a hundred singing stars
Found this cottage place,
Melted through the window bars,
Fluttered round my face,
Sang: "The moon will come to you.
She will come today."
I should build a dais blue,
But I should kneel and pray.
I should pray for rushlights
And a dim lagoon,
And my nights, my splendid nights,
Crying for the moon.



A CUT MADE BY WAGNER HIMSELF OF A PASSAGE FROM BRÜNNHILDE'S IMMOLATION SCENE IN THE LAST ACT OF GOTTERDÄMMERUNG, SKETCHED BY THE COMPOSER AND ELIMINATED BY HIM AS INESSENTIAL EVEN BE-

FORE THE SCORE OF THE FINAL RING DRAMA WAS COMPLETED. WAGNER MADE A SIMILAR EXCISION IN LOHENGRIN'S GRAIL NARRATIVE BEFORE LISZT GAVE THE OPERA ITS FIRST PRODUCTION AT WEIMAR.

nerian process. Mr. Serafin did not restate the main body of the passage. But with a fine sensitiveness for Wagner's harmonic design he smoothed the transition by restoring the last two measures, thanks to which the first dominant resolved into its G minor tonic and this, in the next bar passing through the relative major, sped on and culminated according to Wagner's intent. In the love duo, where Mr. Bodanzky was wont to create an exasperating void by leaping from the dominant of E into a gratingly unrelated F major thirty-five bars further on, his colleague bravely reverted to undefiled Wagner and the hearers were re-introduced after more than a decade to that flashing and incomparable page, "Ein herrlich Gewässer wogt vor mir."

Did these conscientious restitutions consume an appreciable amount of time? They did not. And by that very fact they illumined the fallacy of the Bodanzky method. Time and again Mr. Bodanzky has eliminated a passage not primarily because its elimination gains him minutes but because, for better or worse, a harmonic or melodic connection can be established with something a few bars or a few pages removed. Examples of this are particularly crying in "Götterdämmerung" and in "Parsifal." In the former, for instance, he will cut twelve bars (in Act I, from Gunther's "geb' ich zum Mann" to the

measure preceding Siegfried's "Nur ein Schwert hab' ich,") simply because the transition is infeasible; he will mutilate the tragic intent and the musical design of the episode of Brünnhilde's subjugation by skipping sixty-four bars requiring, at a liberal estimate, four minutes in performance; he will profane the holy of holies by effacing the brief but transcendent "Kinder hör ich greinen" and the dismissal of Guttrune, for an advantage hardly more cogent or rewarding. So meager a total of time is gained by the fifteen cuts which Mr. Bodanzky makes in the last segment of the "Ring" that with an expenditure of possibly twenty-five additional minutes he could give the tragedy in its magnificent completeness.

But I shall not urge the observation of more than one experienced listener that "Götterdämmerung," unviolated by the shears, actually seems more expeditious than it does in an eviscerated state. I do maintain, however, that, cut it as you will, this drama will still remain long. And so, as far as that goes, will "Meistersinger," and "Tristan" and "Lohengrin" and "Siegfried." "Meistersinger" at the Metropolitan runs close to four hours and a half, a perilous span, no doubt. Yet when all's said, how much longer would it last if Mr. Bodanzky were to retain those thirteen entrancing measures "Immer schustern, das ist nun mein Loos?" It will

not do to plead that this thematic material has been heard before. In a way it has; but not in this way.

I fail to understand Mr. Bodanzky when he wantonly excises that supreme page of Venus in "Tannhäuser." "Wie hätt' ich das erworben;" I do not follow him when he cuts thirty-eight measures out of Tannhäuser's narrative; but still less do I grasp him when he takes it on himself to remove from the B major section of the second finale those five woodwind chords that conclude it. Doubtless these chords are not vital to the issue or significantly eloquent. Certainly they do not take long to play. But Wagner put them there for some purpose, however lowly; and if Mr. Bodanzky accomplishes any practical result by omitting them it has eluded my dull comprehension.

Never having heard Seidl I am in no position to speak authoritatively of those cuts which are supposed to have had the sanction of Wagner himself. He did, I know, omit the Norn scene in "Götterdämmerung," the lengthy colloquy of Siegfried and the Wanderer, parts of Wotan's "Walküre" narrative, David's catalogue of mastersinger "tones" and "modes," the "day and night" interchange of Tristan and Isolde and parts of King Mark. I am not one of those who repudiate such episodes as the Norn scene or Wotan's (Continued on page 66)



COUSIN GERALDINE SAILS
FOR—OR FROM—EUROPE, 1909
(And all the girls crowded around
to admire the snug little ocean-go-
ing hat called the "Merry Widow.")



BON VOYAGE, AUNT LUISA!
(The Tetrazzini family are in tears,
off left)

THE ACCIDENTAL MR. COWARD

WHO WALKED INTO THE SPOTLIGHT WITHOUT GETTING BURNED

By R. H. Wollstein

NOEL COWARD is an amazing young gentleman of twenty-nine who (although he has done other things by way of writing plays and acting in them) is at present in the full glare of Broadway's spotlight for having composed the words, lyrics, book, stagings, and music for *This Year of Grace*. Mr. Coward is a genial soul. One likes his unaffected amiability; his wide range of interests—not fads—; his utter freedom from stagginess, and better still, from external “cleverness.” One even likes his earnest eagerness, a manner generally limited to those still struggling with the world, rather than those who sit a-top it.

In appearance (and before you hear his London English), Mr. Coward suggests the youngest member of the faculty of philosophy in a non-co-educational university in Michigan. He is tall and broadshouldered and has the college man's physique. His hair is a cross between light-dark and dark-light, and he has immensely keen, alert gray eyes. He is quick. His mobility of expression is quick, and his reactions and his replies. His motions are quick, too; when someone knocks at the door, he not only answers, he jumps up to see who's there. You know that something is happening to Noel Coward every minute. His face is a bit pale, and has that look of muscularity under the skin, belonging to a person who habitually works too much, and who knows what it means to be harassed. When he is thoughtful, his forehead wrinkles; when he laughs, he looks like a boy. He thinks of himself as by no means so young any more.

He loves music, but it is clearly a side-line of interest with him. His chief work lies in the theatre, and when he does toss out a couple of revue scores, he does it in the same spirit in which another gentleman of nine-and-twenty goes to the ball game. He calls it fun. It rests him to sit down to the piano between real jobs, and let new melodies flow out of his hands. That was the first thing I asked him about—how he writes.

“I'm not really a musician,” said Mr. Coward, “and I don't know the first faintest thing about the holy writ of musical composition. I've never studied—I can't even write a top line for my songs. Or maybe I could just manage a top line, if I puzzled over it for three days. Yet I've always made up tunes; can't remember the time when I didn't.



Photo by White
NOEL COWARD IS JUST LIKE THIS IN “THIS YEAR OF GRACE,” HIS OWN SHOW IN MORE WAYS THAN ONE.

“Both my parents were ardently devoted to music, and sang and played for the sheer joy of doing it; perhaps some of their love for it came down to me in the form of a certain musical facility that I oughtn't to get much credit for. I don't know exactly how I *do* do it; texts suggest themselves, and trends, and I have a retentive memory, that enables me to cling to a tune, no matter what's going on when it comes to me, or how long it is before I can get to a piano to make sure of it.

“Another thing that helps; you see, I've been on the stage since I'm ten. That makes nineteen years, and nineteen years in the theatre is a pretty long time. Long enough, at any rate, to learn a great deal about stage construction—distinctly constructional forms and effects and climaxes. Then, too, writing plays—and I've been at that since I'm sixteen—has forced me to be keen to that same element of construction. And I believe that a sense of construction once acquired, comes out in anything you do.

“A novelist, for instance, who took to painting, might have absolutely no flair for the painting proper, and yet I believe he'd build up the interest of his canvas better than an utter novice who had never felt anything take shape under his fingers at all. That sort of construction sense helps me in composing the music of which I have no real musical knowledge. I know how to develop a phrase and how to cap it, and how to bring out the ‘little brother phrase’ just by feel.”

THIS Year of Grace is Mr. Coward's first entire revue score. He has composed for public consumption since the *Charlot Revue* of 1923 (London edition), and has contributed single numbers and scenes to many of the London successes ever since. He loves playing the piano. He has never studied the instrument; he plays anything by ear. His idea of real fun is to go to some musical performance—either classic or “light”—to come home with his head charged with its themes, and to sit down to the piano and play them all off. Anything he reads through twice, he retains forever. He can't play at all “in sharps.” The key of F sharp leaves him as helpless as he is ever likely to be. His favorite keys are B flat and E flat. When he rambles around the keyboard, he plays in one of the two, and when he has to read something written in sharps, he trans-

poses it, on sight, into one of the keys where he "feels at home." He cannot play in C at all, unless he makes a special effort to learn a piece so written.

"This key preference makes it hard doing scores," he said. "One can't write a whole revue in one or two keys, to be sure, and it's terribly hard for me to work in others. Often, when I'm working on the words of a song, and find that, for certain effects, I have to make a modulation or a transposition in the music, I have to put down the verse-writing, and puzzle out the key where I feel strange. I studied composition once—and only once—for a month. At the end of that time, I was so thoroughly bewildered that I felt I'd never write another spontaneous note. After I stopped studying, I got ideas again.

"**M**UCH of my music's absolutely accidental. The song that people liked best before they were so kind about This Year of Grace just happened. I came home from rehearsal at tea time, and waiting for tea to be brought, I sat down at the piano. All of a sudden, Poor Little Rich Girl came into my head, words and music complete, and I played it through as if it were an already-composed song I was just playing. I wasn't fresh to it, and I hadn't intended to write anything, and there it was. Another funny thing is that that was the very first time I ever played in A flat."

At present, between performances, theatre-going, and sight-seeing, Mr. Coward is writing an operetta. It marks his first attempt in that form. It is to be a semi-period work, its first and last scenes in modern times, and the

rest set in 1818. It is "lots of fun" for the composer, and makes for something interesting to look forward to. In his current success, he likes the Weeping Lorelei best, and says that the Stravinsky take-off in the Lily of the Valley ballet was the "most fun."

MR. COWARD'S personal taste leans towards the moderns. He "loves" Debussy and Ravel, De Falla "thrills" him, and he admires Stravinsky—"but the earlier Stravinsky. I think Petroushka a hundred percent superior to Les Noces. And I like *good* American music. I think George Gershwin is a very interesting figure among our younger composers. He has rich color and exciting material to build from. Personally, I think he is more in his vein in lighter things; the Rhapsody, to me, is the best he has done. Along the lines of light opera I think you Americans have given us some of the finest things we have.

"But far and away the best of all, to my taste, is the work of Richard Rodgers. He did the scores for One Damn Thing After Another, that ran at the London Pavilion before This Year of Grace, and he did Chee Chee, too. And although, unaccountably enough, that lasted only three weeks in New York, it is nevertheless, a fine thing. Rodgers has melody, romance, glamor, rhythm—in short everything! I admire him heartily. As to your less-light music, I haven't been here long enough to hear as much as I should like.

"The most interesting thing to me is your jazz; both

(Continued on page 60)



Photo by White

REGISTERING SURPRISE, FEAR, LOVE, HATE, OR WHAT HAVE YOU—THE CHORUS OF MASKS

FROM MR. COWARD'S YEAR OF GRACE PROVE FACES AREN'T ALWAYS WHAT THEY SEEM.



SIGRID ONEGIN

(Murillo)

*The Swedish Contralto, Whose Two Recent Recitals Were Outstanding
Events of the Season*

ORCHESTRAL MASTER WORKS

By Lawrence Gilman

A WEEKLY SERIES OF PROGRAM NOTES BY THE MUSIC
CRITIC OF THE NEW YORK HERALD TRIBUNE AND PROGRAM
ANNOTATOR OF THE NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC-SYMPHONY
AND PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA

SYMPHONY NO. 2, IN D MAJOR, OP. 73

JOHANNES BRAHMS

Born at Hamburg, May 7, 1833; died at Vienna, April 3, 1897
(Copyright, 1929, by Lawrence Gilman)

THE Society of the Friends of Brahms (a huge and flourishing body) might have celebrated a while ago, had they been a little more alert, the semi-centenary of the first public exhibition of the D major symphony, which, according to a majority of the historians, took place December 30, 1877, at Vienna, under the direction of Hans Richter.¹

The first performance of the work in America was by Theodore Thomas, at one of his concerts in New York, less than a year after the premiere in Vienna—October 3, 1878. On November 23 of the same year the Philharmonic Society, under Adolf Neuendorf, added the work to its repertoire. On January 9, 1879, the symphony was played in Boston at a concert of the Harvard Musical Association. It was then regarded, says Mr. Philip Hale, as "perplexing and cryptic." The redoubtable John S. Dwight declared that Sterndale Bennett could have written a better symphony.

But it was not only in barbarous America, fifty years ago, that brick-bats were flung at the fair head of the new symphony. As lately as 1901 an eminent and brilliant English critic, pondering this work, asserted that he "had yet to meet anyone who had derived intense pleasure from a Brahms symphony"; and he contributed to the general enlightenment of his countrymen by informing them that Brahms "had not the intellect of an antelope."

* * *

But of all the critical and popular delusions that have hidden the essential Brahms, the most grotesque is that which held that he habitually "wrapped himself in obscurity," as Mr. R. A. Streatfeild wrote in his *Modern Music and Musicians* as recently as 1906. "He touches no chord of human sympathy. It is perhaps this very austerity, this severe self-repression, this remoteness of person-

ality, that constitute to some minds the charm of Brahms' music."

As a matter of fact, it is only within comparatively recent years that Brahms has been taken to the critical and popular bosom. We find Mr. Weingartner in his study, *The Symphony Since Beethoven*, remarking of the slow

movement of the D major Symphony: "[This movement] can be satisfactorily comprehended only after frequent hearings. It is difficult for it to disclose itself to the musical mind, but it does so thoroughly in the end. If I may be allowed the comparison, I should like to suggest a Dutch landscape at sunset. The eye at first sees nothing but the sky over the wide, wide plain; heedlessly and wearily it lets the glance pass over it. Gradually a feeling arises, quietly, from afar, and speaks to us."

At about the same time, the unforgettable Huneker, that gallant Steeplejack of the Seven Arts, found it necessary to assure us that Brahms was really not so "cold," so "formal," so "much of the mathematician," as he seemed—that there was a

sweetness and nourishment under the harsh rind. "Brahms," he urged, "is not always gloomy, forbidding, cross-grained and morbid." Do you not see, he pleaded with us, "how this man can unbend the bow and say lovely, gracious, persuasive things?"

Mr. Streatfeild would not have been convinced. He could listen to the D major Symphony and then set down the opinion that the composer "wraps himself in obscurity, touches no chord of human sympathy." "Whatever people may have professed to find in Brahms' music," he added, "they have never found Brahms there."

* * *

Bear in mind those sentences as you listen to this symphony, with its warm tenderness, its rich, expansive lyricism, its gravely philosophic brooding, its playfulness, its humor, its grace. These traits were noted by some of those who heard the work fifty years ago in Vienna; why, one wonders helplessly, were they not taken into account when commentators like Mr. Streatfeild, a generation later, were damning Brahms as reserved and obscure and drab, an artist incapable of human sympathy?

Evocation

*What is this thing called death, that
many years*

*After your passing, I should think
of trees*

*Standing in autumn dresses, and my
tears*

*Should blind me? There is much of
you in these . . .*

*Brave at the turn where beauty dis-
appears.*

—Mary Kennedy

¹One of the reasons why program-annotators go mad may be suggested by the circumstance that in case you want to give the date of the first public performance of Brahms' D major Symphony, Clio will assist you as follows: Kalbeck, Deiters and Florence May, in their biographies of Brahms, say the date was December 30, 1877. Erb, in his *Life*, gives December 24, 1877. Contemporaneous journals say December 20, 1877. Reimann in his *Life of Brahms* gives January 10, 1878, as the date, and he says that Brahms conducted.



BRAHMS, FROM A LITHOGRAPH BY W. VON BECKERATH.

If ever the sun beat down upon a musician's score and sweet winds blew through it, they did so as Brahms put forth the music of this symphony. There is no more warmly and tenderly imagined page in the literature of the orchestra than the one in the Coda of the first movement, where the first horn sings so enchantingly against the weavings of the strings. This is lyric poetry of wind-swept, sunshot loveliness, as candid and fragrant as a mountain meadow.

In such passages as this, Brahms is the eternal romanticist—the romanticist untouched by falsity or pose or fustian or overripeness. This is the romanticism which endures because it is merely loveliness in disguise.

* * *

But even this enamoring side of Brahms is forgotten when we come to the slow movement of the Second Symphony, for here we get the Brahms who was more than lyricist: this is the grave, autumnal Brahms, the Brahms who has watched the dead leaf fall upon the sod, yet can give us, not the music of misanthropy and morbid woe, but the music of a sane and sober-hearted poet who could not help but feel profoundly and pitifully the tragedy of human pain. And here, again, is a poet as immeasurably

remote from that austerity and drabness which were so long ascribed to him as philosophy and sensibility are remote from softness and hysteria.

It is this movement, with its tragic undertone, that lifts the work into a region of exalted musical speech where it keeps company with Brahms at his noblest. There cannot be many today who are able to listen without emotion to the opening of this wonderful Adagio—in particular, to that passage where the gravely beautiful melody in eighth-notes for the 'cellos winds about the descending trombone phrase in quarters, producing the bitter-sweetness of those haunting minor and major seconds that dwell in the ear long after the music has passed on to other moods and other spells, like Shelley's enamored wind, "whispering unimaginable things."

* * *

This "music of the future," as Honeker called the writing of Brahms, has become, as Wagner's became a generation earlier, intimate and contemporaneous. We have caught up with the flying feet and the widespread wings, and are level with the deep-set eyes that once seemed to hold only mysteries and austerities, but now are so candid, so compassionate and so clear.



TWO ORCHESTRAL CONDUCTORS

KOUSSEVITZKY IN A FUR-LINED SOLILOQUY AND GABRILOWITSCH AS A DISPENSER OF GENERALITIES

By Irving Weil

IT SEEMS there were two orchestral conductors, both Russians, who began life, the one as a contrabass viol player and the other as a pianist, and now, as conductors, they are quite as different as that. Indeed, they are the same in only one thing, which is that year by year each has been growing more and more like himself until today the resemblance may be said to be startlingly complete. The importance of this is, as they say in the textbooks, that there is no longer any excuse for mistaking either of them for anyone, or anything, else than himself—the special and individual podium personality that he is now revealed to be.

It might be supposed that this should have been apparent enough long ago since both these gentlemen have been conducting, man and baton, for these many years. Nonetheless, it hasn't been apparent, for each has been looked upon, and commented upon, as a kind of musical Jekyll and Hyde; and not only as all one or all the other at this concert or that, but even as one incarnation in some music and another in something else. It is all summed up in the customary critical stencil that both conductors, each in his own way, is "uneven."

But at their most recent appearances in New York, they at last momentarily disclosed themselves to be both perfectly "even." We are of course talking about Serge Koussevitzky and his latest visit at the head of the Boston Symphony Orchestra to Carnegie Hall, and of Ossip Gabrilowitsch and his final visit to the same place as the guest conductor of the Philadelphia Orchestra. Nor is consideration of the two, together, wholly fortuitous. Each, in a way, emphasizes the characteristics of the other, just as a mixed light, a mixed color will, under certain conditions, pick out the salient quality of its opposite.

The thing begins at the beginning; that is to say, it becomes illuminating immediately when one sets side by side the music that each of these conductors felt himself drawn to and the way he consciously and deliberately chose to play it. Mr. Koussevitzky didn't touch any of the so-called classics of the standard repertoire at his Thursday concert; the oldest music he presented was that



SERGE KOUSSEVITZKY, CONDUCTOR OF THE BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA . . . "VENTURES HEROICALLY AMONG THE MUSIC THAT SUITS HIM . . ."

of Debussy. The rest of it was all the work of living men—the young Russian, Serge Prokofieff; the young French-Swiss, Arthur Honegger, and the not-so-young Swiss-American, Ernest Bloch. Mr. Gabrilowitsch, on the other hand, occupied himself with only one of his contemporaries, Josef Hofmann, the pianist, who certainly by no possible stretch of even so elastic a classification can be grouped with the moderns. And otherwise Mr. Gabrilowitsch was concerned with Brahms and Rimsky-Korsakoff.

But the ways of the two men not only fork at right angles when they approach the repertoire; they are just as disparate in point of view when the matter becomes the performance of what attracts them. Here the divergence is complete. Mr. Koussevitzky, it would seem, holds to Anatole France's credo and considers art to be the special adventures of his conductorial soul among, if not masterpieces, in any case among what suits him. The real point is the adventure, but an adventure pursued by watching one's step with histrionic care and thoroughly dissolving the music into it. Mr. Gabrilowitsch's credo has nothing to do with adventures, either his own or, somewhat unfortunately, the composers'. He seems to believe in the take-it-or-leave-it theory in

regard to the music that occupies him. Brahms is Brahms and that should end the matter. The theory has its forthright advantages, but the trouble with it is that Brahms, for example, is sometimes gloriously more than Brahms—for if he weren't, he would interminably and forever be less. These, indeed, are the imponderables that do not enter Mr. Gabrilowitsch's theory and thereby leave him the high-priest of mere generalities.

WE HAVE said that Mr. Koussevitzky adventures heroically among the music that suits him; but if it happens not to, he makes it suit him, and there's the end to that—likewise pretty much to the music. His latest concert here expressed all this and much more, expressed indeed the whole conductor. It seemed to us to be the most amusingly interesting illustration of his aims, his methods and his characteristics that he has given in all the five

years he has been directing the Boston Orchestra—at any rate so far as this suburb of the Hub on the River Charles is concerned.

This concert, for one thing, illustrated by delightful inference our conductor's ill-concealed unease among the symphonic solidities of the repertoire (which he customarily plays with a strange and disquieted emphasis), for the program was innocent of any of them and he was, therefore, more buoyantly sure of himself than we ever remember him to have been before. He was dealing with nothing but modern music and he dealt with it at the top of his bent. It is particularly worth noting, moreover, that by far the greater part of it was not alone modern; it was also—and this seems to be of peculiar consequence in the matter—music of theatrical, not to say theatric quality, although none of it of course was intended for the stage. Mr. Koussevitzky, with the sympathies of a brother, joyously threw his arms about it—sometimes quite literally. The rhetorical bravura with which he played it was delicious in the fur-lined and top-hatted swank of its effect, for this sort of delivery with a pat, if unconscious irony, fitted three-quarters of it as neatly as a mould—fitted it because it, too, was inherently as copiously rhetorical as the treatment it got.

The music we are talking about was Mr. Prokofieff's Classical Symphony, a self-conscious but clever piece of bluster which is an attempt to reproduce Mozart as of today and is admirably successful in quite simply covering Mozart's peerless taste with gold paint; Mr. Honegger's "Rugby," an attempt to write music of the football field, which is merely a reshuffling of the rhythms and harmonic noises of his locomotive idyl, "Pacific—231" relying upon the suggestive implications of a new title; and Mr. Bloch's "epic rhapsody," America, which to us inescapably has the quality of a cinema medley.

These things had the result, seemingly, of pressing just the right button in Mr. Koussevitzky's conductorial make-up. And they liberated a complexity of impulses that were all beautifully co-ordinated to produce the perfect theatrical outcome. Not the least of them was his Dalcrozean accompaniment to his own orchestral direction. As a fact he appeared to be stirred to the commission of the most charming and elaborate piece of podium histrionics that we believe we have ever seen either from him or from anyone else. If he chances upon a program much like this again—or perhaps even a bit more so—we shall be petulantly, indeed grievously disappointed if he does not then forthwith follow his indicated evolution and appear in costume, varied appropriately, of course, for each piece.

BUT short of that, he already really satisfied most of one's illusions that one was in the theatre, or at least in a cinema that knows its business. His pantomime matched the music and what he was doing with it in flawless fashion. He plucked niceties of staccati, or pianissimi like Prokofieff's out of the air as though they were forget-me-nots; he drew the borrowed melodic outbursts of Bloch, or rather, of his America, in sweeping or exquisite baton curves through space, accompanying same with a

rapt and uplifted greeting, seen in profile, to such quoted matters as Pop Goes the Weasel or M'sieu Bainjo; he pumped out the excitement in Honegger's Rugby with the elegant dumb-show of a boy in an old-fashioned organ loft; in short, he did everything except actual interpretative dancing to supply the apparently needful graphic complement to his orchestral melodrama.

But, unfortunately, as a theatrical manager, he made one mistake. This was his inclusion of Debussy among Prokofieff and Honegger and Bloch. It didn't belong, and with a defenceless but ruthless vengeance of its own, it created the amazing effect of suddenly turning a concave mirror on the conductor's show. The music that worked this miracle of poetic justice was out of the dream world of the nocturnes, Clouds and Festivals, Debussy's remote and etherealized visions fashioned into a mirage of tone—a tissue so delicately wrought and so fine that one habitually gazes upon its shimmering beauty with something like awe. But Mr. Koussevitzky changed all that. He tore the tissue to shreds with his antic rhodomontade and substituted a ten-twenty-and-thirty backdrop in cobalt blue and chrome yellow. He shifted one's gaze from Debussy to himself, for Debussy had shriveled up and was gone.



OSSIP GABRILOWITSCH, CONDUCTOR OF THE DETROIT SYMPHONY, WHO HAS BEEN GUEST CONDUCTING WITH THE PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA AND NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC SYMPHONY

MR. GABRILOWITSCH, after nodding inconclusively and not overcordially toward a few of his contemporaries, seems now to be committed to the older music of the repertoire more definitely than ever before. And of this, it is Beethoven, Schumann and Brahms, and particularly Brahms, that appear to engage him specifically. This past week with the Philharmonic, he severally went all-Beethoven and all-Brahms, and when he last conducted the Philadelphia Orchestra at Carnegie Hall, his principal occupation was the Brahms Second Symphony.

During this latter evening, he did, to be sure, venture out of the past, but in this case the contemporary was scarcely the modern. It was Josef Hofmann's "symphonic narrative," The Haunted Castle. The program's tail-piece was Rimsky-Korsakoff's A Russian Easter. Unquestionably, however, it was Brahms that the conductor was preoccupied with, just as it had been the Schumann of the Spring Symphony that had engaged him chiefly at another time. Yet whilst he did enormously better by this Brahms of the D-major symphony than he had by Schumann, it was the Hofmann piece that he did best of all by. One suspects that Mr. Gabrilowitsch as a conductor presents the odd and certainly most unusual paradox of a man able to do only his second-best by what he likes most. It is romantic program music—and the more romantic the better—that he seems to set forth most adroitly and most completely. We can remember readily enough, for example, that at his first appearance as a conductor in New York, now a good many years ago, it was Gliere's The Sirens with which he made his best impression—striking enough for it to not yet have gone out of our mind. Mr. Hofmann's Haunted Castle is of this same type of music, for all of it is more or less modernized Liszt—Mr. Hofmann's somewhat more. The piece is indeed,

(Continued on page 59)



THIS DAY IN HISTORY . . .
Orpheus Invents the Recital, February 10, 5287 B. C.

Drawn for Musical America by Rea Irvin

WELCOMING TRISTAN and PELLEAS

WITH SOME WISTFUL PLAINTS ON THE QUESTION OF ATMOSPHERE

By William Spier

THE RETURN OF TRISTAN und Isolde and Pelleas et Melisande (which sounds like four people though it is only two operas) to the current repertoire of the revered Metropolitan last week constituted cause for some rejoicing, some breast heaving, and some snorts of aggravation. These dramas of love and sorrow and death do not lack for good intentions in their exposition at the Broadway house; their casting, scenic investiture and general direction are as meritorious as present conditions permit.

But these things are far from being sufficient to a just representation of either work. In addition to the musical similarities of the twain which are time honored property, Pelleas and Tristan have a mutual bond in their elemental demand on those who would give them performance. Above all things they require the magic of illusion, the precious alchemy that is wrought by something called Atmosphere. Tristan, to attempt the ridiculous folly of pouring a volcano into a bottle, needs the hot breath of unceasing inspiration if its ecstatic heroism is to rise above the struggles of performers. By the same token it is a miragic, delicately tinted mood—like those in which the genius of Renoir found expression—that Pelleas must have. These atmospheric conditions are not finalities in the perfecting of a performance; they go to attain the undercurrents which typify the works themselves.

Last week's recountings of these landmarks in the development of staged music had their undeniable moments of expressiveness. But such moments were in each instance the achievement of an individual artist. On the whole it was the first act of Tristan which most nearly approximated what its creator had in mind. This was entirely due to the portrayal of Mme. Gertrude Kappel, the Isolde. One says "portrayal" advisedly, for in the matter of vocalism Mme. Kappel was not consistently all that the princess should have been. Lines of sustained, unsupported utterance caused her obvious effort, and their

disposition was characterized by pale, tremulous, badly pitched singing. On the top, most notably, she suffered unpleasant strain. Failings such as these were not identified with Mme. Kappel's Isolde of last season; they

comprise the toll that Wagner exacts from every singer who challenges him.

There were, on the other hand, bits of superb vocal articulation which must be put to Mme. Kappel's credit. And, more important than quibbling over sour tones which resulted only from the soprano's determination to be as uncompromising with Wagner as he was with her, was her stirring delineation of the role. What power and conviction the performance boasted hung on the impetus engendered by her presence.

The Tristan was Mr. Rudolf Laubenthal, who began rather well, with resources unwontedly free. That he should, by gesture or look, convey the suggestion of Tristan's identity has, of course, been many times proven to be a physical impossibility. From the outset of his second act duties, moreover, Mr. Laubenthal, evidently mortified at having furnished no uneasy aural sensations,

spent the rest of the evening making sounds for which we heartily assigned him to perdition.

Mr. Michael Bohnen made a drooping tragedian of Marke, whose anguish on this occasion manifested itself in a series of tableaux ranging from an animated likeness of the spreading oak-tree to the cloaked solemnity of some peeping Mephisto.

Even those customarily irreproachable artists, Mr. Friedrich Schorr and Mme. Karin Branzell, must come in for their meed of censure from this unreasonable department. Mr. Schorr has never found his stride in the habiliments of Kurvenal; he represents the bluff soldier with a mansuetude that does him an injustice. Mme. Branzell, on the other hand, has repeatedly limned, with unqualified success, the faithful Brangane. Her unfocused and unvariedly full throated singing and the fussy deportment which characterized her creation on Wednesday were in the nature of an unwelcome surprise.



LUCREZIA BORI, THE MELISANDE IN LAST WEEK'S PERFORMANCE OF DEBUSSY'S OPERA

For Mr. Bodanzky is reserved a mixture of back slapping and larynx squeezing. His treatment of the first act entitled him to unstinted applause. This music, it seems to us, has always brought the best of Mr. Bodanzky's attributes to the fore. On the evening under discussion, which was distinguished by evidences of orchestral rehearsal, he was exceptionally eloquent. The Vorspiel, for instance, held to levels of technical precision and general balance that were thankfully above those of recent seasons. With the second and third acts, however, Mr. Bodanzky worked nothing less than devastation. His tempi became indigestibly hasty and his phrases turned to mortuary stone. He allowed of no crescendo plasticity, no color; he fostered an apotheosis of angularity.

The question of atmosphere which we have discussed resolves itself largely into one of conductorial fitness. To the conductor of imaginative genius it is possible to conjure illusion out of very matter-of-fact material. Thus, with the cases we have chosen, our complaints should be borne, in the one instance to Mr. Bodanzky, and in the other to Mr. Hasselmans.

It should by no means be inferred that these two essays ferreted out common faults of batonization. Mr. Bodanzky erred out of self sufficiency; his Tristan was less than just because he bore no discernible love for it. Mr. Hasselmans fell short of a good Pelleas because he was too reticent in accenting the speech of the composer. He worked carefully, cautiously, with the score, with gloved hands, as though he feared the momentary arrival of Claude Debussy's angered ghost and a subsequent calling to account. As far as it went, his performance was admirable, for it possessed taste and pointed clarity. But the humanity, the significance that is hidden in the Debussyan shadows escaped him. Mr. Hasselmans wove his patterns neatly on the surface. The poignant wistfulness, the questioning and bewildered resignation that are the soul of this opera, remained understated.

WHETHER or not it was because he inspired none Mr. Hasselmans' aids in the cast, with one exception, obstinately fought off the witchery of this music. Mr. Leon Rothier, as Arkel, was a lonely inhabitant of the enchanted realm of impressionism. That his singing these days can, for pure sound, be easily surpassed by many a young voiced artist, cannot be refuted, but the fact had no bearing on his superb accomplishment in this affair. He was never for a moment out of the picture, and it was to his commanding figure that the eye invariably turned in those scenes which utilized his services.

Mr. Clarence Whitehill's Golaud has been the subject of previous debate in these columns. It is a marvelous bit of portraiture in conception, whether or not it has anything to do with the character that clothes it. Mr. Whitehill sees Golaud as an excitable human, whose sus-

picious are more easily aroused than one is quite ready to believe from the words that are put into his mouth. Nevertheless the force of this impersonation cannot be peremptorily dismissed. At all events Mr. Whitehill herein gives one something to think about.

The Pelleas of Mr. Edward Johnson last week also gave us something to think about, and we are inclined to wish he hadn't. On all counts Mr. Johnson was the evening's prime liability. His singing as vocalism had nothing to recommend it, being pinched and white almost continually. The coloring which he applied to give warmth in moments which cried for it became monotonous and meaningless before things had progressed very far. And to the eye Mr. Johnson presented the appeal of a somewhat conscientious devotee of eurythmic art.

Miss Lucrezia Bori, gotten up as a considerable eyeful, made terrific efforts at being the most winsome Melisande that ever graced the lyric boards, and came off with moderate honors. Her naiveté in the role has never gone down very easily, as far as we are concerned, and in this respect her efforts struck us about as usual. The Genevieve of Miss Ina Bourskaya was well conceived, though the part lies lower than her resources can comfortably negotiate.

And thus endeth the second lesson.

THAT music has been made for and can be made on the violin had one of its all too rare attestations at the recital of Mr. Albert Spalding in Carnegie Hall last Sunday. The performance of Mr. Spalding, as it was represented in its most impressive stature on this occasion, was backgrounded by culture and style. Taste was innately fused with intelligence and artistic appreciation in his playing. The musical satisfaction of Mr. Spalding's resultant creation was uncommonly striking.

Mr. Spalding's particular achievement of the afternoon was a beautifully free, untrammelled recounting of two movements from the solo Partita in E major of Bach. No version of this music within memory has seemed so unqualifiedly apt in its rising and

falling bits of phrase, the architectural purity and perfection of the whole, and in technical elasticity. This playing afforded the afterglow that accrues to a conception faultlessly realized.

The recital got officially under way with the A major Sonata of Corelli, with whose not always too inspired content Mr. Spalding dealt neatly if without the zest and polish that marked his subsequent profferings.



EDWARD JOHNSON, THE PELLEAS

*Reviews of Other New York Music Appear on
Pages 44, 45, and 52 of This Issue.*



WHAT IMPRESARIOS DREAM ABOUT

OPERA stars who have neither temperament nor voices—what could be a happier combination for both public and manager? And this is what Signor Ottorino Gorno, Italian impresario, has achieved in his *Piccole Maschere* (Little Masks) with which he has been giving *Cinderella*, the Massenet comic opera based

on the old Perrault fairy tale, at the Little Theatre, London. Signor Gorno pulls the strings and his marionettes cavort about in a manner wistful and whimsical. Their gentle caricature of human frailties seems to have delighted staid English hearts, and the Little Theatre with its *Piccole Maschere* has become the rendezvous of Mayfair.



M U S I C A L A M E R I C A N A



By Hollister Noble

MORE LIGHT FROM BOSTON ON BLOCH

IT'S as difficult as it is undesirable to remain disinterested. Listening to Bloch's *America* for the fifth time the other day (on this occasion under the baton of Mr. Koussevitzky) we went over to Bloch's camp, with the congenial society of a number of friends, lock, stock and barrel. We are ready to admit plenty of perishable stuff in the score. But when *America* is superbly played as it was last week the flame of genius in many pages of this work ought to be compelling and obvious. The blazing emotion of Bloch, the fiery sincerity of the man, blended with his disciplined and matchless craftsmanship and his unerring sense of color, all unite to lift this score higher in our estimation with each hearing.

If this is showmanship more power to it. To us it remains a work with flaws, continually treading on dangerous ground, but proclaiming with much genius and sweeping power the unshakable convictions of a man with greatness in his soul.

This journal is deeply honored to have sponsored such a work, a composition which has enjoyed to date 25 performances or more since December 20th by the leading symphony orchestras of the country. Half a dozen other performances are scheduled before the close of the season. The Portland (Ore.) Orchestra under Mr. Van Hoogstraten will probably perform the work on March 18 and the Minneapolis Symphony on April 11 and 12.

"IS it possible," asks Mr. Chotzinoff in the New York World, "that Mr. Koussevitzky knows best and that *America* is indeed a masterpiece?"

Echo answers—"Certainly."

"Plugging," continues Mr. Chotzinoff, "a word hitherto known exclusively to Tin Pan Alley, bids fair, like jazz, to invade the classical corner of Seventh Avenue and 57th Street. That at least is the conclusion to be drawn from Mr. Koussevitzky's crusade for Ernest Bloch's prize winning epic rhapsody, etc."

And the Boston leader's plugging is as a whisper to the recent cries from the estimable Mr. C. calling upon the elect to hail as a stroke of genius the latest work of Mr. George Gershwin—a clever and entertaining opus but certainly a product of Tin Pan Alley if ever we heard one.

Henri Verbrugghen, on tour with the Minneapolis Symphony, played recently in New Orleans. As an encore for the first concert he played Liszt's Second Hungarian Rhapsody and took the house by storm. Hordes of people rushed about trying to find out what the name of the "piece" was. Verbrugghen's encore on the second night was a waltz by Komstock.

WAITING FOR JOVE

THE air of uncertainty and uneasiness which gathers over the town about a month before Mr. Toscanini is due reveals another venerable symptom of a condition prevalent in New York and probably due to spread to the provinces in the near future. There was a rumor that Mr. Toscanini would not appear followed by the announcement that he would be several weeks late. There are those who doubt his presence among us next year.

It is an interesting symptom of a swiftly changing attitude towards the art of music in this swiftly changing town. New York and one or two Eastern centers are undoubtedly obsessed by Personality. The trend to biography and personalities in contemporary writings, the uncerecermonious overhauling accorded heroes of legend and leaders of the day, all can be matched with similar trends in the world of music. The gossip of the corridors is seldom of music *per se*; it deals with the man who conducted, the soloists who played or sang, the qualities and characteristics of their impersonations, the eagerness to hear some other approaching luminary try the same task. Signs of satiation these may be, but they are the restless symbols of these rasping times.

It is not so much music in itself that matters to people today. It is what music says or means or intimates or suggests or promises or symbolizes in terms of mental, spiritual or physical experience. And there lies one of the most potent reasons for the desperate search to find conductors capable of revealing these truths in their finest forms. There are plenty of good time beaters in the neighborhood. One often listens to them, for the magic wand does not wave from every stand. But the man of genius is the conductor who can not only set forth the composer's music correctly and often admirably but who can leave the land of interpretations for the realm of revelation, a region where most philosophies of criticism and all definitions are valueless. No one can define the difference between a phrase interpreted in admirably colored tones of great beauty and the identical phrase recreated under a master's hand in accents that may haunt men's ears for years.

GENERAL DELIVERY—EXCELLENT

Heinrich Schlusnus, baritone, who recently gave a New York recital, was once a jolly postman in a little German town called Braubach, on the Rhine. While delivering the mail he sang. Rich visitors to the hamlet heard him and eventually placed him on the concert platform. Mr. Schlusnus, now one of Berlin's prized songbirds, is the possessor of a large mansion just outside that city and recently purchased a new brace of deer for the zoo which is part of his estate.

(Continued on next page)



MR. KAHN PLEADS FOR A LITTLE SUFFERING

THERE'S an irony that shapes our ends. For fifty years and more sensitive souls have rushed into print in a determined effort to drag the starving composer out of his garret, shave him, wash him, cut his hair, manicure his nails, place him in the sunlight and give him sufficient means to enable the masterpieces to flow forth without any of the obstacles and petty materialistic wants which have to date presumably prevented so much of the world's great music from being written.

The pity of it. For these generous souls have been so successful that one or two important members of the left wing already consider renting a few garrets, forcing would-be composers to grow their hair and live therein and mayhap the music will come.

But others have gone further. A few days ago Otto H. Kahn publicly expressed the hope that a young composer, a friend of his, would have a terrible time. Of course it was all admirably expressed, and we can do no better than publish a portion of Mr. Kahn's address to George Gershwin on a recent occasion wherein he quotes Thomas Hardy on the subject of tears, and remarks:

"The 'long drip of human tears,' my dear George! They have great and strange and beautiful power, those human tears. They fertilize the deepest roots of art, and from them flowers spring of a loveliness and perfume that no other moisture can produce.

"I believe in you with full faith and admiration, in your personality, in your gifts, in your art, in your future, in your significance in the field of American music, and I wish you well with all my heart. And just because of that I could wish for you an experience—not too prolonged—of that driving storm and stress of the emotions, of that solitary wrestling with your own soul, of that aloofness, for a while, from the actions and distractions of the everyday world, which are the most effective ingredients for the deepening and mellowing and the complete development, energizing and revelation, of an artist's inner being and spiritual powers."

THE NOES AND THE AYES

THE recent pilgrimage to New York of Serge Koussevitzky and his Boston Band caused any amount of dissension among the scribes.

Mr. Henderson in the Sun for instance states that Prokofieff's "Classical" symphony "is a piquant and charming piece of musical badinage written with amazing spontaneity" . . . "deft and ingratiating." Leonard Liebbling in the American states that "the music of Prokofieff gives out an icy chill." Irving Weil in the Evening Journal

scathingly denounced M. Koussevitzky and his methods . . . "Debussy shriveled up and disappeared, he (Mr. Koussevitzky) pumped out his fortissimi with the elegant dumbshow of a boy in an old-fashioned organ loft."

Oscar Thompson of the Evening Post remarked of the same event, "orchestral playing of the highest quality lifted last night's Boston Symphony concert in Carnegie Hall to a place among the most memorable events of an unmemorable season."

There were other dissensions over Mr. Koussevitzky's talents, while Richard Stokes in the Evening World proclaimed "once more, throughout the program, the Boston organization proved itself the unquestioned sovereign of American orchestras, with Mr. Koussevitzky as one of the great trio composed of himself and Messrs. Stokowski and Toscanini.

We labor heavily for a moral. But there is none. Eight or ten gentlemen of the press express their individual preference in reviewing the performances of a striking personality and a famous band. And there has been more healthy dissension among the critical chain gang this winter than in many moons.

THE advanced spring styles we are displaying this week may or may not be stylish, but as yet they are hardly comfortable. Our brazen position out front in recent issues induced us to print absurdities as facts, tended to a delightful unreliability concerning important matters, and frequently got us into trouble with our friends. How are we going to publish the latest gossip concerning Mme. Jeritza and Rethberg, the rumored marriage of Mme. — S. and Conductor F— Van L—, the remark overheard in Box 15 at K's concert last week on this dignified page?

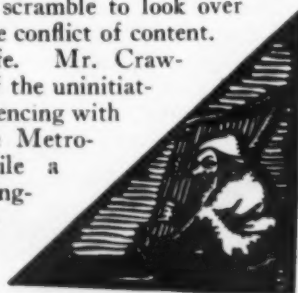
TITLES AND PRIMA DONNAS

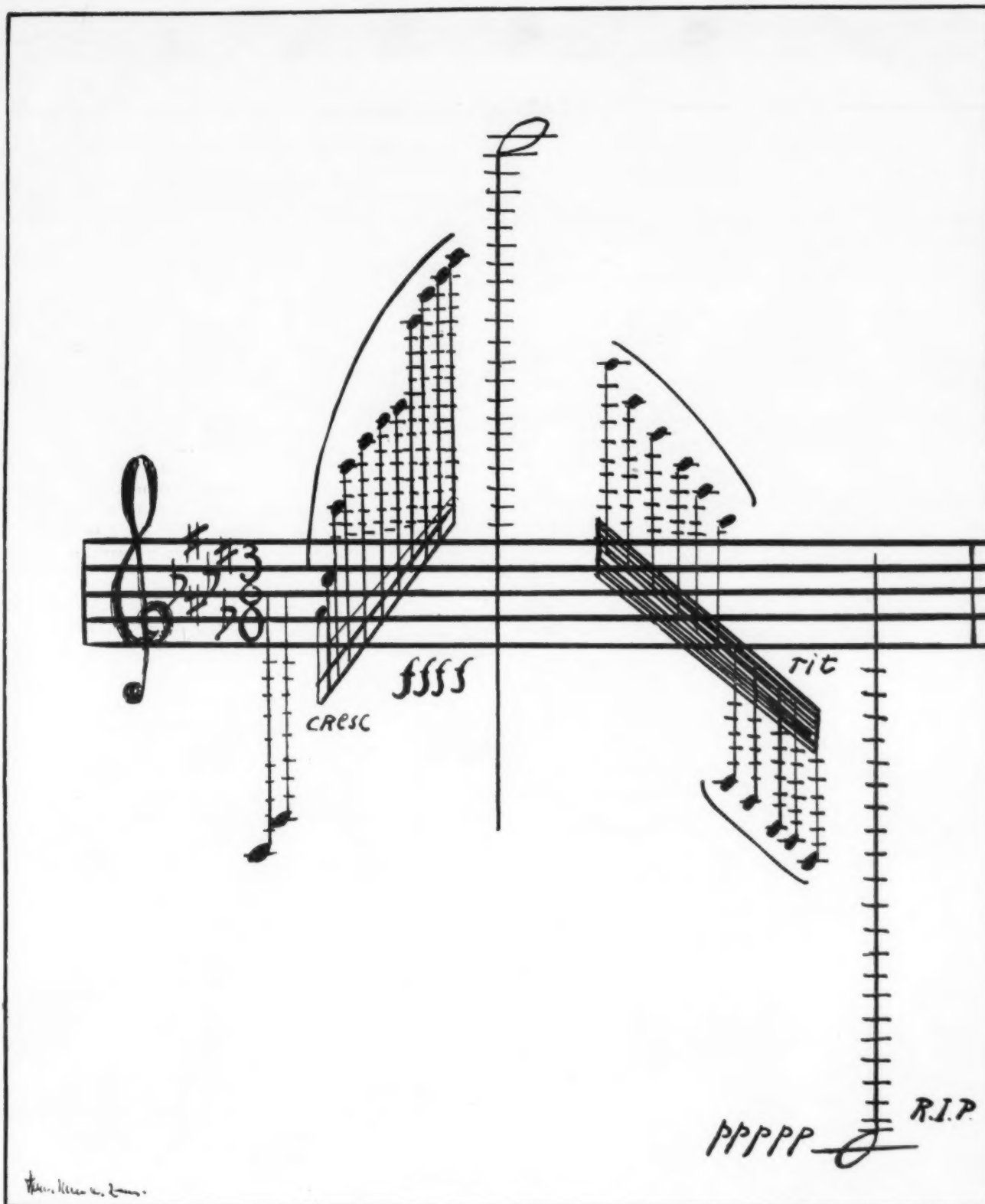
The title of Pitts Sanborn's novel, *Prima Donna*, was a problem. Pitts named it "A Singing Woman." But after a conference "*Prima Donna*" was decided upon. A keen memory then recalled that "*The Prima Donna*" was a novel from the gifted pen of F. Marian Crawford over 20 years ago. There was a scramble to look over the ancient tome for a possible conflict of content. But Sanborn's title was safe. Mr. Crawford's book, for the benefit of the uninitiated, was a grand thriller commencing with a dynamite explosion in the Metropolitan Opera House while a young prima donna was singing Lucia (Strange this prophetic touch has yet to be fulfilled—Ed. note).

(Continued on page 32)



MORIZ ROSENTHAL, WHO GAVE HIS ONLY NEW YORK RECITAL OF THE SEASON ON FEBRUARY 6.





By Courtesy of The Nation

SUCH IS FAME

Drawn by Hendrik van Loon



MUSICAL AMERICANA

NEWS TO SHAKE THE WORLD

TO proceed with our history of America's most important musical events:

¶ Mme. Galli-Curci is already en route for a tour of thirty concerts in Japan, China, and Hawaii. Her husband, Homer Samuels, plans to install a piano in their stateroom and will compose a new operetta while on the high seas.

¶ Paul Longone is presumably planning an operatic season of one week for Havana. He will sail shortly with a large company, including twenty-six chorus men, a great deal of scenery and Giacomo Lauri-Volpi of the Metropolitan.

¶ Ganna Walska, scheduled to sing in Carnegie Hall Feb. 12, last sang in New York, for the only time we believe, about ten years ago, when she gave a joint recital with Caruso at a Biltmore Morning Musicale.

¶ Robert Nathan, author of *The Bishop's Wife* and other novels, attended the first performance of *Tristan* last week. . . . a number of other people were there, too.

¶ The Lerner Quartet from Budapest will probably make an American tour next season and is scheduled for five concerts in Carnegie Hall. This quartet specializes in playing in large halls instead of chamber music halls. They recently appeared in Albert Hall, London.

¶ Mme. Elisabeth Rethberg plans to sail for Europe March 16 on the *Conte Grande*. She will sing four times at the Royal Opera House, Rome, and six times at La Scala. This is reported to be the first time Mme. Rethberg has sung in Italy.

¶ One of Grace Moore's gestures of charm at the Metropolitan every time she sings consists in sending one perfect gardenia to Mr. Gatti-Cazazza, one ditto to Mr. Edward Zeigler, to Mr. Earle Lewis, treasurer and box office magnate, and to the conductor of the opera in which she is appearing. . . . At *Carmen* the other evening with Mme. Jeritza in the title role and Grace Moore as Micaela, appeared Adolph Lewisohn, Otto H. Kahn, and Barney Baruck, the greatest grouse hunter of them all.

¶ An important conference in the main aisle of Carnegie Hall just before Rosenthal appeared the other night consisted of H. F. Peyser (with a copy of W. J. Henderson's novel, *"The Soul of a Tenor"* under one arm), the author of *"The Soul of a Tenor,"* and Pitts Sanborn, author of *"Prima Donna"* (just out). Mr. Sanborn later ran out of the hall with his colleague's novel under his arm.

¶ Ignace Hilsberg, pianist, will probably play the Tchaikovsky concerto with the Boston Symphony on February 28.

¶ "Much Ado About Nothing" remarked the sceptical Dr. Spier, after listening to Laubenthal forge his sword in the first act of *Siegried* the other day.

"It won't be Lange now," remarked L'll Minna Noble when she heard Toscanini was coming.

MUCK VS. KNAPPERBUSCH—ROUND ONE

We have long recommended blindfold tests for those hyper-tone-sensitive creatures who glance surreptitiously at the credit line in a recital program and then glibly announce: "Well, of course anyone would recognize *that* instrument as a Stickhard, Pedalstein, or Knackwurst" or what have you?

¶ Or place your prima donna conductors behind screens and guess who's who . . . which brings us at once to a strange story, strongly vouched for and verified concerning passing events at the Prinz Regenten Theatre in Munich last summer—a story which has just reached these shores. . . . It was announced that Karl Muck, instead of the usual baton wielder, Fritz Knapperbusch, would conduct a certain performance of *Meistersinger*. Just before the curtain rose Muck was indisposed and unable to conduct, so Herr Knapperbusch took his accustomed place. But in the Prinz Regenten Theatre the orchestra is completely hidden from the audience—and from the critics. And as no announcement was made listeners and critics took it for granted they were listening to Muck.

¶ Next day the papers were loud in their praise of Muck, and almost every one of them expressed regret that Herr Knapperbusch had not been in the audience to hear how Wagner should really be conducted.

* * *

CONCERT HALL OVERTONES

THE musician's paradise has been transferred to Amsterdam, Holland. The new Musical Lyceum there is the joy of visiting artists, for it includes a small delightfully furnished apartment with excellent service at the disposal of any performer on the eve of his recital.

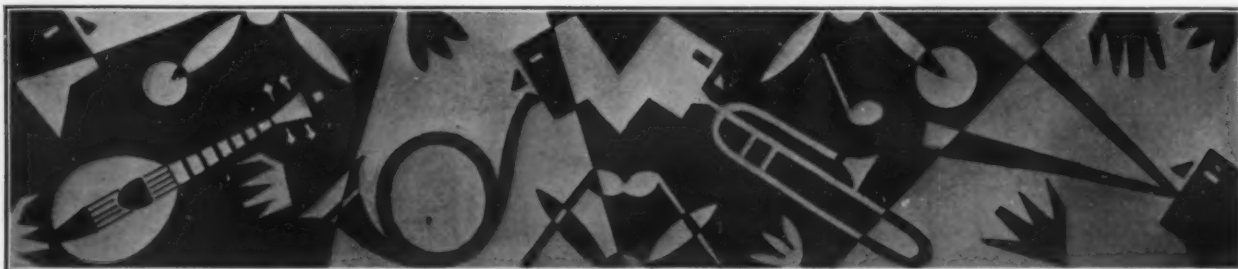
Willa Cather, novelist, attended alone the recent concert of Yelli D'Aranyi and Myra Hess. She is an ardent music lover and often attends recitals . . . Christopher Hayes, tenor, was badly cut about the face while driving to Buffalo a few days ago to give a concert recital. The branch of a tree crashed through the window of his car. He was bandaged up and later sang undaunted.

* * *

The sad plight of the Slav was commented upon at the luncheon following the latest Bagby Morning Musicale at the Waldorf when a feminine guest asked the identity of the gentleman seated opposite her. Upon learning that it was Orloff, the distinguished Russian pianist who had just played, she exclaimed:

"Dear, dear, these poor Russians. It's too dreadful the things they are forced to do since the revolution."

¶ Real Estate Note: Myra Mortimer, soprano, has purchased a large villa at Sorrento and will not come to America this season."





LAWRENCE GILMAN, OF THE HERALD-TRIBUNE—THE ONLY MEMBER OF NEW YORK'S CRITICAL FRATERNITY WHO READS ALL OF HIS PROOF AND HOLDS THE STAY-AT-HOME CONCERT RECORD.



W. J. HENDERSON, OF THE SUN—WHO IS VERY, VERY TIRED OF BEING CALLED THE "DEAN OF AMERICAN MUSIC CRITICS," EVEN THOUGH HE REALLY IS ALSO AN AUTHORITY ON MARITIME AFFAIRS.



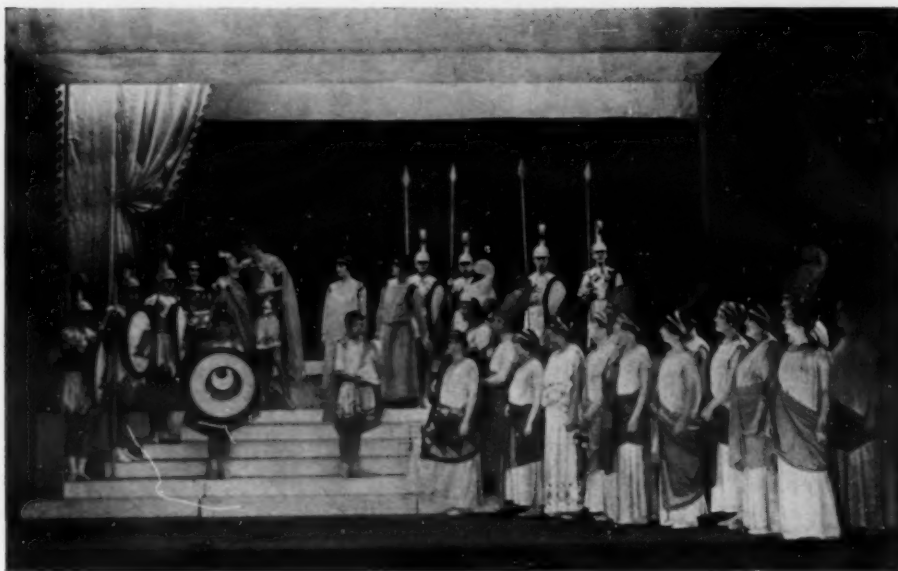
SAMUEL CHOTZINOFF—CRITIC OF THE WORLD. ONCE AN EXCELLENT ACCOMPANIST. MR. CHOTZINOFF'S FORTHCOMING BOOK, "EROICA," HYMNS THE GLORY OF HIS GREAT LOVE, BEETHOVEN.



RICHARD L. STOKES, OF THE EVENING WORLD—WHO FLED FROM FIFTEEN YEARS OF MUSIC REPORTING IN ST. LOUIS TWO YEARS AGO TO THE HIGHER PERIPATETICS OF THE METROPOLIS.

GENTLEMEN OF THE PRESS

*Prominent Members of the Critical Chain Gang
Drawn by Aline Frubauf*



*Against a set that became in turn part of a castle, a quay-side, and a tomb, John Tobin staged the Purcell opera, *Dido and Aeneas*, and thus laid the cornerstone for the success of his *Liverpool Repertory Theatre*. While wiseacres were scoffing at the venture, Tobin was given the Carnegie Grant for a period of three years.*

*The spirit of old Celtic legend was once more called upon for the production of Boughton's *Queen of Cornwall*, produced by Tobin's *Liverpool Repertory troupe*. The libretto is another twisting of the *Tristan and Isolde* theme, and the setting was designed to inspire the feeling of eeriness inevitable to histrionic Cornish tragedy.*



*Shamus O'Brien, a Villiers Stanford opera, perhaps deserves as much credit for the success of the *Liverpool Repertory Opera* as any production thus far. Given at the time when the venture was in its swaddling clothes, Shamus O'Brien was a lusty young candidate for public favor. Alan Tyler and Mercy Irwin are seen as the *Sergeant and Kitty*.*

THE LIVERPOOL AMATORE

NATIVE MUSIC-MAKING HAS ITS WAY WITH BRITISHERS

By Leigh Henry

LONDON concert forces are not yet fully on the way after the holidays; but notable features are remobilizing. Meanwhile, Liverpool's Repertory Opera has given another of its fine leads to the permanent establishment of British opera.

Though, orchestrally, Liverpool may lag in initiative behind its near neighbor, Manchester, it can claim precedence in connection with opera. True, it has not backed so many "grand opera" seasons; but it is scarcely ever in these that the evolution of music drama is manifest.

The achievement of Liverpool has been an amateur one, and it is necessary to emphasize not only that *dramma per musica*, the earliest form of opera, originated with the Bardi coterie of amateurs in sixteenth century Florence, but that amateur in no sense means dilettante. *Amatore*—(lover), is one who devotes himself; and Liverpool's Repertory Opera enthusiasts deserve the title. They have to their credit the encouragement of many works which have neither popular pre-approval nor pre-production to insure their success, and have made these score. They have a fine record of encouraging native British talent; they embrace in their work also the revival of neglected classics alongside the development of novel presentations.

Liverpool has been a germinating soil for musical fruit. Cyril Scott was born at Oxtou, Cheshire, near the old home of Frederic Austin, artistic director of the British National Opera Company. Sir Thomas Beecham was associated in youth with the center of his father's activities at St. Helens, and was later active in Liverpool itself. Over the water, at New Brighton Tower, Granville Bantock launched his brave fight for the younger British school some twenty-five years ago. In the offices of his cotton-broking firm on Liverpool's Cotton Exchange was Ernest Bryson, who composed orchestral works, one of which won a Carnegie award. Another notable Liverpool figure, James Lyon, was then ardently advocating Delius' *Sea Drift* and himself composing highly dramatic symphonic poems like *The Miracle of the Roses*, which only a few devoted pioneers of British music, such as Sir Dan Godfrey at Bournemouth, had the courage to produce.

None was ever more intensely active, more positive in these younger tendencies than the founder and director of Liverpool's later Repertory Opera,—John Tobin. He had to fight his way bitterly against supercilious stick-in-the-mud ignorance and prejudice and was obliged to hear his dearest ideals derided as far-fetched or as mere pose. Time has vindicated him, and much of his fight is won.

No time was more dangerous for British music than the period immediately following the war. Casting aside many Teutonic ideals, our musicians had yet to feel confident of

their native talent. Accustomed to accepting imported institutions and products, our musical sense required practical development.

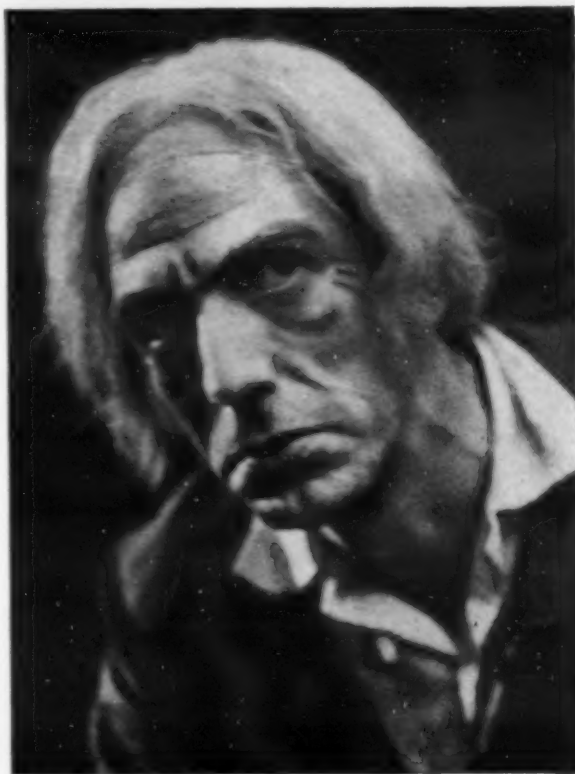
At this moment, in the teeth of the reaction which set in after the first exaggeratedly patriotic burst of native musicmaking from 1919 to 1923, John Tobin flung down his gage to British musical opinion. Covent Garden had produced little or nothing of representative British talent; it was steadily drifting back to pre-war stereotypes. Sir Barry Jackson had encouraged Rutland Boughton and achieved the unique success of *The Immortal Hour's* London run, while at the Lyric, Hammsmith, Sir Nigel Playfair had scored the capital's record run with a British product, *The Beggar's Opera*, aided by Frederic Austin's sensitive arrangement of the music.

Stimulated to fight by reaction, and encouraged by British successes, Tobin launched his Liverpool Rep-

ertory Opera scheme. Its initial season was an achievement. Five productions were staged. These included Stanford's too little heard opera, *The Traveling Companion*, and the first northern production of Rutland Boughton's *The Immortal Hour*.

IN spite of sneers, there were those to realize the fine effort. The Carnegie Grant was bestowed on Liverpool's Repertory Opera in 1925, for a period of three years. Immediately Tobin lowered prices, two shillings and fourpence being the highest! Another Stanford opera, *Shamus O'Brien*, was featured in the 1925-26 season. Holbrooke's *Dylan* was another production. In historic perspective, however, and for national significance, probably the pro-

(Continued on page 54)



RALPH GARDNER, THE LEUCHTOLD OF THE LIVERPOOL REPERTORY THEATRE'S REVIVAL OF ROSSINI'S ROMANTIC OPERA WILLIAM TELL



Demetrios Vilan, young Greek dancer, as he appears in a "Dance Moderne" in Alice Brady's new play, "A Most Immoral Lady." Mr. Vilan is scheduled for recital appearances at the Guild Theatre on March 17 and 24 in an original dance-drama, "The Sixth Sense," which will have sets and costumes by John Vassos, Greek artist who illustrated Oscar Wilde's "Salome" and the "Ballad of Reading Gaol."



Townsend Photo



Photo by Maurice Goldberg

A Spanish episode with Harald Kreutzberg and Yvonne Georgi, German exponents of terpsichorean art, whose recent week of recitals at the Fulton Theatre aroused the enthusiasm of devotees.



The New World Dancers—followers of the late Bird Larsen in the group dance idea. They will present a program in the Gallo Theatre late in February based on group harmonies—"each member attuned as the instruments of an orchestra, to form one sub-conscious rhythm."



AGITATED GEOMETRICS

HOW KREUTZBERG AND GEORGI IMITATE THE SKYSCRAPERS

By Ivan Narodny

AMONG the numerous interpreters of modern music in dancing, Harald Kreutzberg and Yvonne Georgi are the most outstanding pioneers so far, and deserve more than mere casual comment. After attending again their plastomimic displays at the Fulton Theatre in New York I feel more competent to depict more graphically the aesthetic message they offer to us.

Since I saw the new Soviet Ballet in Moscow over a year ago nothing has impressed me more in the line of modern dancing than the art these two talented Germans have shown in their original kinetic plastic performances. It has been said that a deep line of aesthetic correlation runs through architecture and dancing, the one a visualized rhythm in Space, the other in Time. To say that Herr Kreutzberg and Fraulein Georgi are architectural dancers is to epitomise the actual meaning of their individualistic style. If there can be any condensed symbolic code to express the intricate industrial allegory of the New York silhouette of skyscrapers, then nothing is more adequate than the dynamic dances of these two Teutonic terpsichorean artists. Harald Kreutzberg and Yvonne Georgi are the actual materialized spooks of our skyscrapers; their geometrical choreography symbolizes the very breath of our unmelodic life.

Having seen the original visualization of the unmelodic and rhythmically vague compositions of Debussy, Scriabine, Prokofieff, Scott and Wilckens by Kreutzberg and Georgi, I am changing my opinion of the dancibility of modern music, provided it is executed in the manner of these German presionists: a mechanical, and not a nature art.

But then the question arises: is art an expression of dynamic mechanics or is it an expression of Nature?

To our ancestors art meant everything graceful, lofty and beautiful. In the opinion of the so-called modernists, art means dynamic intricacies, clever episodes and diabolic indifference—a Mephistophelian trait.

What Kreutzberg and Georgi portray in their kinetic plastomimics is an echo of our machine-made life—so true, and yet so shocking! Their translation of modern music is microscopically correct. Their rhythmic rendering of phonetic designs is superb. They are undisputed first class virtuosi. According to these dancers, art is only an echo of our factories, trolley-cars, automobiles and noisy streets. We live a geometrical life.

TO Kreutzberg-Georgi there is no longer choreography; there is only *rhythmology*—the science of rhythm. Intellect has triumphed over emotions, and art is all scientific. Their program is a proof of my argument, it opened with a metric March by Wilckens, music of triangular and cubistic imagery, written for some marvelous Robots, which was superbly visualized by both dancers. It was an excellent artistic reflex of a typically German rhythm of modern industrialism, an echo of industrial life in Frankfurt, Cologne or Berlin. This was followed by a number called Dance of the Master of Ceremonies to music by Scott, suggestive of China today. It was performed in a conventionalized Chinese style, reminiscent of the Gliere's Chinese dances in his masterly ballet *Krasny Mak*—Red Poppy, which I saw in Moscow. Kreutzberg's conception of the Chinese idiom seemed to me too Teutonic and did not come up to Lastchilin's portrayal of the same theme.

The interpretation of Milhaud's *In the Twilight* was very original, and I was surprised at the polyplastic style of the dancers in visualizing a piece of ungrateful music. A real gem of the repertoire was Prokofieff's *Mechanical Dance*, a composition suggesting all kinds of modern machinery. The dancers, dressed in futuristically designed German overalls of black and red, gave a magnificent picture of revolving wheels, twisting screws, operating machines and what not. Every muscle in their bodies was employed to the metric tempo of the mechanical music. It was a gripping and yet shocking picture. Remembrance of Spain and *The Spirit of Evil* both to the music by Wilckens, that followed were less individualistic, though powerful in their form and spirit.

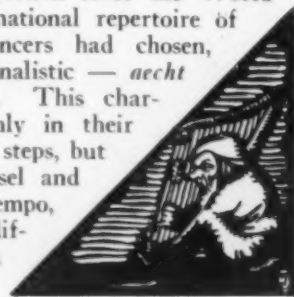
Very interesting was the way the dancers performed Debussy's *Romantic Dance Scenes* in three movements: *Andante*, *Moderato*, and *Allegro*. It was a perfect plastomimic allegory, a satire of our modern quick love-making and marriage. Three amorous episodes were depicted in quickly moving ready-made *Stimmungs*—moods; now she tuned him to feel this way, again he seemed nothing but a female-manipulated puppet, as modern men are. Sentimentality, theatricality, calculation and impressionism were the outstanding features of this romantic trilogy.

RATHER originally staged and executed was Mozart's *Variations*, a graceful number of the romantic past, which the dancers performed in a conventional eighteenth century style, *a la* Picasso, that formed a clever contrast to the rest. However, the actual masterpiece of the evening was *Revolve* to music by Wilckens, in which the dancers rose to *rhythmographic* supremacy and displayed a spirit and technical virtuosity that was marvelous. The harmony between the dynamic and the statuesque, between hands and feet, face and body, drama and tragedy was superbly balanced; I have never seen it better expressed by any other dancers. It was so flashy and potential that I failed to grasp whether it was a revolt of one machine against the other, or of an individual against the mechanical.

Other noteworthy numbers of the program were the *Persian Song* to music by Satie, which the dancers performed in the style of a seraglio *a la* Heine, and the *Russian Dance* by Wieniawski. In the *Russian Dance*, Herr Kreutzberg exhibited spectacular leaps and plastic lines that rivalled the best done by Nijinsky. But most amusing was the fact that the artists portrayed the Slavic baravado in their Germanic rhythm, much better than the Russians themselves have been able to do.

The outstanding achievement of these German modernists is their accentuated racial rhythm, the resurrected Teutonic trait—a new manifestation since the World War. Irrespective of an international repertoire of modern music, which the dancers had chosen, they remained distinctly nationalistic — *aecht deutsch* — genuinely German. This characteristic was exhibited not only in their precision-preferring gestures and steps, but also in that unmistakable Hansel and Gretel mimicry and militant tempo, which makes a German so different from an Anglo-Saxon, a

(Continued on page 57)





SELECTED BROADCASTS

By David Sandow



FEDOR CHALIAPIN, one of radio's most celebrated hold-outs, has finally signed on the dotted line. On Sunday, March 3, the Russian basso is to make his initial bow to American radio listeners in the first of a new De Forest series. Subsequent alternate Sundays will present, in the order named, Alma Gluck, Mary Garden, Charles Hackett and Rudolph Ganz (in tandem) Frances Alda, Richard Bonelli and the Russian Symphonic Choir.

Chaliapin has heretofore "resisted all inducements to broadcast" because of his disagreement with the policy of gratis radio fare now obtaining in these United States. He has felt that the last payment on the radio set should not end the American's financial obligations and has advocated the European system of taxing dial turners. Whether his capitulation marks the vindication of still another American principle or was influenced by the \$5,000 it is reported he will receive for his hour's labors, has not yet been disclosed. The De Forest series will be broadcast over the Columbia Broadcasting System aligned in nation wide formation.

THE necessity for music commentators has often been open to question but genial Paul Whiteman, a musical Einstein, has at last solved the problem. Says Paul, anent his current series of Old Gold broadcasts, "I want the verdict of a jury of at least ten million persons. It will have far more value than the opinion of a few highbrow critics."

THE sponsors of commercial broadcasts, whose magical purses make possible radio's costliest features, are, to put it mildly, ever curious as to the extent of their invisible audiences. And, though they nod tolerantly at the broadcasters' claims of millions of listeners, they nevertheless hunger for more tangible testimony. To this end, much brain fatigue has been experienced in devising ways and means to inveigle listeners into writing their opinions . . . if any. Thus, radio addicts, if they so desire, may be proud possessors of budget forms, investment hints, guide books and what nots, merely for a few words, (well chosen, or otherwise) and a two cent stamp. And now the Vitaphone Hour will furnish wall adornment for your den by sending autographed photographs of their guest artists if you will but "drop them a line."

JOHAN CHARLES THOMAS, whose splendid baritone indirectly sang the virtues of Warner Brother's products recently, should be busy by now dispatching

many facsimiles of his visage . . . if good singing be any incentive to fountain pen wielders. But I fear from the program he concocted that few of these will find their way into the homes of fastidious listeners.

WALTER DAMROSCH, who begins this evening a new series of fifty-two concerts under the auspices of the General Electric Company, says:

"It is becoming constantly more apparent that radio is establishing a new era in the financial support of music. One has only to look back to the beginning of orchestral music to see what revolutionary changes have taken place in this respect.

"It is an interesting evolution of today that great industrial corporations like the Radio Corporation of America and the General Electric Company should choose the highest form of music to maintain what we might call human relations with the great American public. Not jazz or vaudeville, but Beethoven, Mozart and Wagner seem to these great corporations the best possible connecting link between them and the millions of our citizens.

"Once a week for a year I hope to give a radio audience of 10,000,000 listeners the great orchestral works of the masters."

The new Damrosch series will be broadcast from the studios of the National Broadcasting Company through a network of forty-two stations.

LA TOURAINE'S recent \$5,000 investment in Gershwiniana (there we go, big money again), was justified by the interest aroused in the air premiere of George's American in Paris. Incidentally, Nat Shilkret and his band of sixty did by far the best job with this controversial opus that these ancient ears have yet heard.

IN Queen's Hall, London, an orchestra plays the E minor symphony of Rachmaninoff. Three thousand miles away American listeners hear the concert at the identical time as those in the British auditorium, through a magical medium commonly called a radio set. Another figment of Jules Verne's imagination? Hardly; merely another quirk in the already commonplace miracle of broadcasting.

The transmission of the London orchestra involved an intricate piece of broadcasting. The music was carried from the British capitol by land wire to station 5 SW in Chelmsford, England, and from there thrown across the Atlantic to be picked up by the Radio Corporation of America's receiving station at Riverhead, L. I. Land wires then carried the broadcast to the N. B. C. studios in New York whence it

was routed to forty stations spread across the continent. Though a magnetic storm somewhere over the ocean introduced noises not in Rachmaninoff's score the symphony came through with surprising clarity and volume. Perhaps soon we may hear famed European musical organizations as a matter of course.

To the Philharmonic-Symphonic directors now experiencing all sorts of paroxysms awaiting the belated arrival of a famous conductor, the above may offer a glimmer of hope.

SOMEHOW these recent innovations intended to popularize "classical" music broadcasts by infusing a so-called dramatic element, lack salt. Good music well performed requires no elaborate continuities or atmospherical incense (I almost said nonsense) to make then aurally palatable. All of which means that the new feature "At the Baldwin" would have better served all hands had there been less talk and more music. Sascha Jacobsen, the violinist of the hour, and Maria Carreras, the pianist, lost caste and effectiveness when the action demanded that they lapse into histrionics in this misguided and unsuccessful emulation of a musical evening at home.

SHE was the first to sing over a radio network in the United States. She was the first grand opera singer ever to be offered a contract by WEAF. She created, in 1924, the contralto role in the Coolidge prize composition, *La Belle Dame Sans Merci*.

A native of New York City, our heroine in good time entered Hunter College where her musical talent first tried its wings. In 1922 she won the national prize for voice and shortly after was asked to broadcast over the first radio hook-up. Appearances with the Chicago Civic, San Carlo and Washington grand opera companies followed and served as apprenticeship for her career with the National Grand Opera Company, where she is now in her fourth season. True to tradition she confesses to hobbies; interior decoration and costume designing. She possesses one of the greatest contralto radio voices extant today. And you can corroborate this the next time your announcer introduces Devora Nadworney, member in good standing of the NBC artist staff.

WE too, must take a crack at the Einstein theory. A careful examination fails to offer a solution to the radio reviewer who on occasions is required to attend three programs broadcasting at the same time, from as many different stations.



RL

FEODOR CHALIAPIN

The Big Basso Mounts the Broadcast Band Wagon

Drawn for Musical America by Roland Young

THE TURN OF THE DIAL

Monday, February 11

¶ Mischa Elman in Atwater Kent Hour. NBC System; 9:15 p. m.
 ¶ Lucrezia Bori, soprano, Metropolitan Opera Company, General Motors Family Party. NBC System; 9:30 p. m.
 ¶ Wolf-Ferrari's *The Secret of Suzanne*. National Grand Opera Company, NBC System; 11 p. m.

Tuesday, February 12

¶ Genia Fonariova in song recital. String ensemble, assisting. NBC System; 8 p. m.
 ¶ The Music Room. Program of chamber music. CBS; 8:30 p. m.
 ¶ Paul Whiteman and his orchestra. CBS; 9 p. m.
 ¶ Curtis Institute of Music program includes works by Richard Strauss, MacDowell, Bach, Thomas and others. CBS; 10 p. m.

Wednesday, February 13

¶ Lolita Cabrera Gainsborg, pianist, in Mendelssohn program. NBC System, 7:35 p. m.
 ¶ Excerpts from *Aida* by The Continentals. Orchestra and vocal quartet. NBC System, 10 p. m.
 ¶ Kolster Symphony Orchestra in program by Mascagni, Handel, Rimsky-Korsakoff, Debussy, Schubert and Braine. CBS; 10 p. m.

Thursday, February 14

¶ Erno Rapee and Seiberling Symphony Orchestra. Elizabeth Lennox, contralto, soloist. Wagner, Cadman, Dvorak. NBC System; 9 p. m.
 ¶ Milady's Musicians period. Old classics. NBC System; 10 p. m.
 ¶ Choral program by the Sixteen Singers. NBC System; 10:30 p. m.

Friday, February 15

¶ RCA Educational Hour; National Music League Artists in program of early American music. NBC System; 11 a. m.
 ¶ Elsie Baker, contralto, Bernard Ocko, violinist, and others in National Broadcasting and Concert Bureau Musicale. NBC System, 10 p. m.
 ¶ *Rigoletto* by the United Opera Company. CBS; 10 p. m.

Saturday, February 16

¶ Goldman Band in concert over NBC System; 8 p. m.
 ¶ Wagner, Beethoven, Haydn and Chaminate in Slumber Hour. NBC System; 11 p. m.

Sunday, February 17

¶ American Pro-Art String Quartet. Georgia Standing, contralto. Program includes Schumann's Quartet in A minor. NBC System; 12:30 p. m.

THE following program, arranged in concert form, is suggested for turners of the dial for Sunday, Feb. 17:

1 p. m.—National Artists' Hour. NBC System.

2 p. m.—Roxy Symphony Orchestra. NBC System.

3 p. m.—United Symphony Orchestra. CBS.



DEVORA NADWORNEY, CONTRALTO, ONE OF THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY'S OPERA STARS.

¶ National Artists Hour. Wagner, Viotti, Cadman, Lieurance and Tosti. NBC System; 1 p. m.

¶ Roxy Symphony Orchestra. NBC System, 2 p. m.

¶ New York Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra. WOR; 3 p. m.

¶ United Symphony Orchestra. CBS; 3 p. m.

¶ Walter Giesecking, pianist in "At the Baldwin." Bach, Schubert, Giesecking and Strauss. NBC System; 7:30 p. m.

¶ Atwater Kent Hour. NBC System; 9:15 p. m.

¶ Morley Singers in Old English program. John Mundy, 'cellist. NBC System, 10:15 p. m.

Monday, February 18

¶ United Choral Singers. CBS; 10 p. m.
 ¶ Ponchielli's *La Gioconda*. National Grand Opera Company. NBC System, 11 p. m.

Tuesday, February 19

¶ Piano recital by Lolita Cabrera Gainsborg. NBC System.

¶ Slumber Hour. Haydn, Wagner, Glazounoff, Massenet and Klemm, NBC System, 11 p. m.

Wednesday, February 20

¶ *The Mikado* by the United Light Opera Company. CBS; 8:30 p. m.
 ¶ Kolster Symphony Orchestra. 10 p. m.
 ¶ Wagnerian excerpts by the Continentals. NBC System, 10 p. m.

Thursday, February 21

¶ Seiberling Symphony Orchestra with Erno Rapee conducting. Concert program. NBC System; 9 p. m.
 ¶ The Sixteen Singers in choral numbers by Rachmaninoff, Coots, Reddick Johnson and Bach. NBC System, 10:30 p. m.

Friday, February 22

¶ RCA Educational Hour. Walter Damrosch and National Orchestra. NBC System; 11 a. m.
 ¶ Weber's *Oberon* by the United Opera Company. CBS; 10 p. m.

Saturday, February 23

¶ General Electric Symphony Orchestra. Walter Damrosch, conducting. NBC System; 9 p. m.

Sunday, March 3

¶ Feodor Chaliapin, soloist in *De Forest Hour*. CBS; 10 p. m.

CZECH VOCAL SYMPHONY TO BE PERFORMED

For a third appearance in New York in the Metropolitan Opera House, Sunday afternoon, March 3, the Prague Teachers' Chorus, Metod Dolezil, conductor, will give the first performance outside of Czechoslovakia of Zborov, an unaccompanied vocal symphony in six movements, by the young Czech composer, Otto Kar Jeremias, director of the Budejovice Conservatory, with text by Rudolf Medek, erstwhile colonel in the Czech army, who wrote the poem the day after the battle at Zborov. The work, which requires fifty minutes in performance, will be sung in the original tongue, occupying the latter half of the program and following the miscellaneous selections.

This quasi-epic of patriotism describes the decisive battle by the Czech race for independence, each of the six parts covering a particular phase of the conflict.

TEACHERS' CONVENTION BOOKS ARTISTS

Myra Hess and Efrem Zimbalist are engaged for special recitals in connection with the convention of the Nebraska Music Teachers' Association, to be held in Lincoln from Feb. 18 to 20. Master classes will be held by Oscar Seagle, vocal teacher; Rudolph Ganz, pianist; Richard Czerwonky, violinist, and Rowland Dunham, organist. Headquarters will be in the Hotel Cornhusker. Officers of the Association are: Albert Sievers, president; Charles V. Kettering, vice-president, and Homer K. Compton, secretary-treasurer.

Musical America

A PRIMA DONNA OF THE INK POT

LEAPS INTO THE OPERATIC PAGES OF PITTS SANBORN'S FIRST NOVEL

By Hollister Noble

It seems to be pretty generally admitted by this time that Pitts Sanborn has written a novel. It is entitled "Prima Donna" and consists of six books published in two volumes by Longman's, Green and Company. Mr. Percy Hutchinson, a staff reviewer of the New York Times, is reported to have strode into somebody's office with a copy recently and remarked: "Gentlemen, this is truly Flaubertian."

John Macy on the jacket remarks that "Prima Donna has finer intellectual distinction than any other American novel that I have read since Mrs. Wharton's Valley of Decision."

Meanwhile literature of the opera grinds exceedingly slow—this is probably the first formidable tome on that exotic world since W. J. Henderson's "Soul of a Tenor (1912)" or James Huneker's tale of another hue, "Painted Veils."

Probably a conventional review is in order. But why? A far more congenial method is prodding the author into confessions and dicta over a festive luncheon board at the incomparable Mario's.

Before we become personal, diligent readers of Who's Who may discover that Mr. Sanborn was born John Pitts Sanborn in Port Huron, Michigan; he is Harvard A.B., 1900, A.M., 1902, and a member of the Harvard Club. He commenced work in a New York business office, soon assisted H. T. Parker on the old N. Y. Globe and when Parker went to the Boston Transcript served as music editor and critic of the Globe from 1905-1923. Then he went to the old Mail for a brief period and thence to the Telegram.

To those who prowl about the concert halls, Mr. Sanborn is a short, slightly rotund individual with a clipped straw-colored moustache. A genial urbane soul who loves first editions, cats and liqueurs. His acquaintances are probably inclined to put him down as a good writer with the characteristics of a dilettante; a critic with some strange predilections as to artists and a newspaper man whose copy is inclined to a cheerful insolence spiced with malice. This gentleman rarely receives credit for interests outside the provincial rounds of the concert world.

Actually the author of "Prima Donna" is a rather re-

markable creature. Behind that round cherubic visage is a keen and nimble brain, extraordinarily catholic in its tastes and interests.

Our file system lists Mr. Sanborn as a linguist. His French and English are perfect, his German is excellent, he speaks Italian well and his Spanish is good. His favorite composer is Mozart. He is fond of Rossini, but he also "prefers" Handel, Gluck and Schubert. He dutifully trots around to hear the modernists but among this species he has only two mild favorites—Varese and Hindemith. Ah, yes, and Henry Cowell—tone clusters and all.

Mr. Sanborn, with a bland impartiality, is equally fond of animals, local politics, international politics, French politics, arguments over upper registers and original keys of Italian operas, first editions (which he collects assiduously), Greenwich Village, Italian food and people. Mr. Sanborn's callers, on cold nights or otherwise, who have been treated to a nip of that diabolic Armenian fluid, "Arak," are not likely to forget it.

He is always worrying about his health, which is apparently perfect. He is always mildly apologizing for his apartment which is a wilderness of books, prints, bundles of letters, empty glasses, tables piled high with books, every-

thing jammed to one side to make way for books.

Beyond the extensive boundaries of these interests his colleague on the Telegram, Mr. Herbert Peyser, remarked a bit complacently:

"He likes almost everything I do."

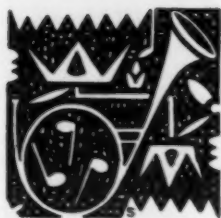
"His eccentricities are legion," remarked a kind-hearted friend.

SANBORN has written free lance articles on any number of subjects for a score of magazines. During the war he published a volume of poems, "Vie de Bordeaux." He was an advisor for the Lithuanian Delegation to the Peace Conference in 1919. He has written extensively on French politics. And "Prima Donna" is his first novel.

(Continued on page 55)



PITTS SANBORN, AUTHOR OF PRIMA DONNA



EAVESDROPPINGS

SOME OF THE WEEK'S INTERESTING
REMARKS GLEANED FROM THE PRESS



THIS symphony, Bloch's America, has been repeatedly discussed by the writer. . . . There are all sorts of strong and valid criticisms of its conception and execution. It is program music with the artistic shortcomings that program music is so likely to have. It is an "American" symphony composed by an artist of foreign birth and youthful environment. The score is a mass of musical quotations of melodies afloat in our atmosphere, and most Americans feel that these melodies are not presented characteristically by the composer. And who is this composer, they ask, to venture to express for Americans the spirit of their land?

The last question can be answered first. We need not consider "America" as representing native feeling or native reverence at all. Let us say that the symphony is America in the eyes of a naturalized citizen of foreign birth. It is what America means to him. Certainly, if he has the inspiration to express that he has every moral and artistic right to do so. The question of the creative employment and development of American themes has a relation to this issue. We may not hear themes well known to all Americans treated as we expect them to be. (Neither, they say, do the people of Spain accept or in a majority admire Bizet's "Carmen!") If Mr. Bloch employs American themes in an original and expressive manner of his own, and if America, her past, present and future, stir him to creative achievement that is important and moving to the listener, we have no ground for criticism on a racial or nationalistic basis. The sole question, when all extraneous issues have been swept aside, is whether the symphony is great music.

Well, a surprisingly large part of the symphony is great music, which strikes fire, which thrills the listener. This music does not come, admittedly, from as deep a consciousness or such sustained strength or wisdom in the choice of melodic material as other great works by Bloch. But it is no symphony to be dismissed with its premiere, and it grows with repetition. It is a score full of feeling, of complete sincerity, of brilliant workmanship and instrumentation and dramatic exposition. The slow movement now seems the weakest part, unless we also include the much-abused anthem with the extremely naive text of the composer. We know that he wished to produce a hymn that everybody in a great democracy could understand and sing. Most of us consider this aim ill-judged. Highly unfavorable criticism,

for that matter, has been directed on somewhat similar grounds against the theme of the finale of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony.

A certain percentage of the objections made to this rhapsody from the time of its first performances will probably hold true. It is none the less probable that the work will survive its criticism and find a long and warm welcome by the great public. It is, after all, and obviously, the expression of a man of genius, and a man of genius, even if he is mistaken, is difficult to dispose of. Think of the new works performed this season at orchestral concerts and compare them with this symphony. In such a light it looms gigantic. The work will come up again, and then again, for attention. . . .—*Olin Downes in The New York Times.*

AS Mr. Aldrich says in his fine tribute to Henry Edward Krehbiel: "The critic is not a law-giver; nor does his judicial function extend, like that of the Supreme Court, to the final and definite interpretation of fixed and unchangeable laws". Krehbiel was certain that such laws existed; he judged a composition by these laws, some of them enacted by himself. He was not alone in this. What man of us has not, hearing for the first time a composition written in an unfamiliar idiom, ascended the pulpit to speak in the Johnsonian bow-wow manner?

—*Philip Hale, reviewing Richard Aldrich's Musical Discourse in the December issue of The Gamut.*

NOW, a Gilbert and Sullivan operetta at the Metropolitan is no such extravagant fancy as some might at first glance suppose. Before the World War "The Mikado" had for years been in the repertory of the Berlin Royal Opera, along with "Tristan" and "Die Meistersinger."

My own choice of a Gilbert and Sullivan operetta, for a Metropolitan lark would be neither "The Mikado" nor "Pinafore," nor assuredly "Patience." It would be rather "The Pirates of Penzance" or "The Yeomen of the Guard," in which the musical burlesquer approximates most closely the grand opera style, and the verbal quips of his librettist are the least dependent on subtleties of speech. What a joyous bacchanale the mere casting of "The Pirates" would be!—*Pitts Sanborn in The New York Telegram*

WITH at least equal and presumably superior financial resources, the Philharmonic-Symphony has functioned this season like a willing subordinate of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, as it did in previous years—save for Mr. Toscanini's transfigurations—in relation to the Philadelphia Orchestra before Mr. Stokowski's indisposition.

This decline into a second-rate status on the part of the single orchestra of the greatest American city may be attributed unhesitatingly, I think, to the vicious guest-conductor system which has fastened itself upon the enterprise. The motive, of course, is the sale of tickets, to a populace notoriously fickle and greedy of novelty. But any business that changed its principal executive six times in as many months would be regarded as on the thoroughfare of insolvency. Similarly, an orchestra tossed in giddy succession from one conductor to another must lose its continuity as an organism.

That the Boston Orchestra is now the reigning symphonic body of the east is an assertion which will not be contraverted. Save for the brief respites, it passes the entire season under the rule of one leader. The Philadelphia Symphony, until last year, was justly known as the greatest orchestra in the world. It was then under the autocratic and uninterrupted sway of Mr. Stokowski. Its decline began when it, too, was subjected to guest conductors. The Chicago Symphony Orchestra, one of the country's prime ensembles, has attained that distinction under the constant direction of Frederick Stock. The moral appears too obvious to require elaboration.—*Richard L. Stokes in The New York Evening World.*

WAGNER'S overwhelming work [Tristan und Isolde] conquers by the stupendous rush and tumult of its torrential score. Debussy's [Pelleas et Melisande] makes for Maeterlinck's play a transparent medium of incomparable delicacy and fineness through which the tragedy comes to us with its intrinsic theatrical spell magically intensified by something intangible, but wholly exquisite and precious. Perhaps it would not deepen the discontent of those who find that nothing good can come out of Nazareth to ponder the fact that the Metropolitan Opera House is able to give a good, if not a great performance of "Tristan und Isolde" and a very impressive one of "Pelleas et Melisande."—*W. J. Henderson in The New York Sun.*





MARIA JERITZA

A NEW study of the Viennese soprano, who will conclude her season at the Metropolitan Opera with a performance of Lohengrin on February 13th. Numbered among Mme. Jeritza's

achievements of the year was the creation, in America, of the title role in Strauss' Egyptian Helen. She will embark on her usual American concert tour shortly.

February 10, 1929

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RECITALS IN GOTHAM

Erna Rubinstein

THE mystery of what happens to prodigies that results in their becoming only fairly competent and not very interesting musicians is only deepened by the return of Erna Rubinstein to the recital platform on Sunday, Jan. 27, at the Town Hall. Is it possible that in spite of the most determined efforts to listen critically and severely one is, as many hold, hypnotized by the fact that a prodigy plays anything like an adult? We do not think so. Our impression is that Miss Rubinstein is actually less interesting and less competent than she was a few years ago. She remains, of course, a more than usually gifted violinist.

It is to be regretted that her program gave so little opportunity to know what her musicianship is like. The Franck Sonata is not a work that wears well and violinists and cellists bring it forward more often, perhaps, than any other single work. Miss Rubinstein shed no new light on it—which is not particularly to her discredit, as there is probably none to be shed. The rest of her program was made up of the Bruch Concerto and some insignificant transcriptions.

How much of her playing suffered all afternoon from the not too accurate thunderings of Richard Wilens at the piano we do not know. Her intonation was excessively unsure, and her tone, her phrasing and bowing made no dazzling revelations.

A. M.

Elisabeth Rethberg

ELISABETH RETHBERG, now that her opera season is concluded, gave us a chance to admire another side of her art in her Lieder recital at Carnegie Hall on Wednesday evening, Jan. 30. In the audience, which filled every seat and crowded the standing room, were many well-known singers, come to enjoy and to learn.

The first group had the following eight songs by Schubert: Ganymed, Auf dem Wasser zu singen, Wiegenlied, An die Nachtigall, Eifersucht und Stolz, Die boese Farbe, Die Krähe, and Die Post, to which Der Musenohn was added. At this point the ushers brought forward lavish gifts of flowers, giving the platform the appearance of a florist's shop. Fourteen baskets before her at the footlights and several bouquets behind her on the piano made an appropriate setting for Mme. Rethberg in her Rautendelein green.

The program continued with a group of six Brahms songs: Wenn du nur zuweilen lächelst, Blinde Kuh, An die Nachtigall, Willst du dass ich geh, Auf dem Kirchhof, and Das Mädchen, with the Verblisches Ständchen and the Schubert Die Forelle as encores. The final Hugo Wolf group called for Und willst du deinem Liebsten sterben sehen, Mein Liebster ist so klein, In dem Schatten meiner Locken, Ihr jungen Leute, Du denst mit einem Fräulein mich zu fangen, Elfenlied, and Ich had in Penna einen Liebsten wohnen.

During the evening the audience had demanded the repetition of five of the already named songs, and when the printed list was finished it was still so eager to hear more that the singer had to begin a veritable concert of encores which lasted until eleven o'clock. These numbers were Wolf's *Er ist's*, Brahms' *Cradle Song*, Schubert's *Ave Maria* and *An die Musik*, and,

METROPOLITAN
OPERA OF THE
FORTNIGHT

Jan. 28.—Jonny Spielt Auf, with Mmes. Easton and Fleischer, and Messrs. Bohnen, Laubenthal, Schorr, Meader, Windheim, Bloch, Cehanovsky, Gabor and Gustafson. Mr. Bodanzky conducting.

Jan. 30.—Tristan und Isolde, with Mmes. Kapfel and Branzell, and Messrs. Laubenthal, Bohnen, Schorr, Meader, D'Angelo and Bloch. Mr. Bodanzky conducting.

Jan. 31.—Carmen, with Mmes. Jeritza, Mario, Ryan and Aleock, and Messrs. Johnson, Pinza, D'Angelo, Picco, Bada and Cehanovsky. Mr. Hasselmans conducting.

Feb. 1.—Aida, with Mmes. Müller, Branzell, Doninelli, and Messrs. Martinelli, Ruffo, Ludikar, Gustafson, Paltrinieri. Mr. Serafin conducting.

Feb. 1.—Pelléas et Melisande, with Mmes. Bori, Bourskaya, Dalossy, and Messrs. Johnson, Whitehill, Rothier, Ananian. Mr. Hasselmans conducting.

Feb. 2.—Lucia di Lammermoor, with Mmes. Galli-Curci, Falco, and Messrs. Jagel, De Luca, Rothier, Tedesco, Paltrinieri. Mr. Bellezza conducting.

Feb. 2.—De Walküre, with Mmes. Müller, Kappel, Claussen, Manski, Wells, Fleischer, Bourskaya, Telva, Aleock, Carroll, Flexer, and Messrs. Kirchhoff, Schorr, Gustafson. Mr. Bodanzky conducting.

Feb. 4.—Carmen, with Mmes. Jeritza, Moore, Ryan and Flexer, and Messrs. Martinelli, Pinza, D'Angelo, Cehanovsky and Bada. Mr. Hasselmans conducting.

Feb. 6.—Traviata, with Mmes. Bori, Egner and Falco, and Messrs. Jagel, Danise, Bada, Picco, Reschilian and Ananian. Mr. Serafin conducting.

Feb. 7.—Siegfried, with Mmes. Rakowska, Branzell and Fleischer, and Messrs. Laubenthal, Schorr, Gustafson, Schutendorfer and Bloch. Mr. Serafin conducting.

Feb. 8.—Jonny Spielt Auf, as a special matinee, with Mmes. Easton and Fleischer, and Messrs. Bohnen, Kirchhoff, Schorr, Meader, Windheim, Bloch, Cehanovsky, Gabor and Gustafson. Mr. Bodanzky conducting.

Feb. 8.—Bohème, with Mmes. Müller and Guilford and Messrs. Martinelli, Tibbett, Pinza, Malatesta, Ananian, Picco, Altglass and Reschilian. Mr. Bellezza conducting.

Feb. 9.—Tosca, with Mmes. Jeritza and Flexer and Messrs. Johnson, Scotti, Malatesta, D'Angelo, Reschilian, Picco and Paltrinieri. Mr. Bellezza conducting.

Feb. 9.—Manon, with Mmes. Bori, Doninelli, Egner, Divine and Gola and Messrs. Tokatyan, DeLuca, Rothier, Bada, Windheim, Cehanovsky, Ananian and Gabor. Mr. Hasselmans conducting.

lest we forget her operatic proclivities, the *Dich, teure Halle* and *Vissi d'arte*.

The thought ever upmost in Mme. Rethberg's mind is that the basis of singing is pure tone, the material from which she must re-create her songs. She adheres to the long-established principles of bel canto; her tone is always clear, rounded, poised, perfectly controlled and susceptible to coloring. Correct breathing permits beautifully sustained long phrases. Native

intelligence, sound musicianship, and clear diction enable her to apply her technique to her music. Truly, Mme. Rethberg is an ideal model for vocal students.

The songs were wisely chosen for their suitability to the singer and for contrasted moods. There was perfect repose in the legato of the Schubert *Cradle Song*, the *Ave Maria*, and the Brahms' *Wenn du nur zuweilen lächelst*; nobility in the *An die Musik* and *Auf dem Kirchhof*; dainty airiness and humor in *Mein Liebster ist so klein*; sentimental charm in *Die Forelle* and *Vergebliches Ständchen*, and dramatic sweep in the operatic arias.

No small part of the success of the concert is attributable to that masterful accompanist, Kurt Ruhrseitz, whose sympathy and sense of balance were invariably right. He brilliantly established and maintained the mood of each song, whether it called for the orchestral support in an aria or the wispy, frolicsome atmosphere of an *Elfenlied*. Such accompaniments are dangerously good—only Mme. Rethberg and a very few other singers can sing with a beauty to match them.

A. P. D.

Muriel Kerr

IT is an unalloyed pleasure to be able to record the fact that the recital of Muriel Kerr in the Town Hall on Jan. 31, amply vindicated the Schubert Memorial in its choice of the young pianist for debut honors. It is an even greater pleasure to find that the avowed aims of that organization, floods of adverse criticism to the contrary notwithstanding, seem after all to have been fairly well attained, for Miss Kerr had probably the largest audience that has attended the debut of a young pianist this year.

The tonal side of her playing is more delicately adjusted and more agreeable to the ear than that of most of the young pianists that have appeared this season. But it has one limitation common to all of them. The tone remains full, round, unforced up to about a forte; after that it becomes hard, shallow, forced, and very little louder. A very simple misconception is at the bottom of all this.

It is the illusion that tone is produced when the key strikes bottom, whereas, as most piano teachers have read but few apparently have told their pupils, control of the hammer passes out of the hands of the performer when the key is some two-thirds of the way down. When the key is depressed gently this lack of aiming is often not apparent. But when the music demands greater volume of tone the slamming begins and the pianist seems to regret that he has only one keybed for each note to bombard. The fallacy is one that dogs the playing of many of the greatest contemporary pianists. But that is no reason why Miss Kerr should not correct it as soon as she can; it is the biggest obstacle between her and unqualifiedly excellent piano playing.

Her program began with three Chorale

Musical America

Preludes of Bach as arranged for the piano by Busoni, played simply and sympathetically, without a trace of self-consciousness. In the Chopin B minor Sonata she was at a considerable disadvantage because of the tonal miscalculation above expatiated upon and because of an insufficiently clear conception of its structure, none too logical at best.

There followed a group of shorter pieces of Schumann and various Russians. The Toccata of the former presented the only technical problem which she seemed not yet to have solved. With etudes of Scriabin and the irresistible F sharp Etude of Stravinsky, Op. 7, clearly the hit of the evening, she was at her very brilliant, spontaneous best. The applause was of the quality and the quantity ordinarily reserved for the grandes vedettes; it was more than usually well merited.

A. M.

Richard Hale

RICHARD HALE, known as an opera singer with the Intimate Opera Co. and as an actor in "Goin' Home," gave a song recital at Town Hall on Tuesday evening, Jan. 29. His opening group contained Wolf's *Gesang Weylas*, *Auf dem gruenen Balkon*, *Verborgenheit*, and *Fussreise*, followed by Brahms' *O wuesst ich doch* and *Von ewiger Liebe* and Schubert's *Die Post* and *Auf dem Wasser zu singen*, with Strauss' *Zueignung* as the encore. The aria was the *Herodiade Vision Fugitive*. The fourth group had songs by Rachmaninoff, Chausson, and Fourdrain, and the fifth Worrell's *The Pine Tree*, *The Nightingale* (Kentucky mountain song arranged by Brockway), Gruenberg's amusing *The Lion*, with its difficult vocal line, and Carpenter's *Light, my light*. The final encores were *Water Boy*, *Danny Deever*, and *Deep River*.

Every one of these was interesting and gripping, because of the singer's magnetic personality. His stage experience has taught him the necessity and the means to vitalize his performance, to create atmosphere, to individualize each expression of character and mood. For his vivid, forceful interpretations he has a fine, large bass-baritone voice of wide range and sympathetic quality; freedom of production makes it responsive to dramatic demands. There was plenty of color for such contrasted songs as *Gesang Weylas*, *Die Post*, *The Pine Tree*, and *Deep River*, and a great deal of keen rhythm for such songs as *Fussreise*, *Von ewiger Liebe*, the mountain song, and the Kipling ballad.

There is one important element which Mr. Hale might easily improve. Although his words are distinctly enunciated his vowel sounds in unaccented syllables are often not accurate. He should watch more carefully the final *-en* and *-e* in his German, the final *-et*, *-es*, and *-er* and the monosyllabic words *de*, *le*, *ne*, and his *ai* vowel combination in French.

Frederick Bristol played the accompaniments.

A. P. D.

Boston Symphony

AT the Saturday afternoon concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra in Carnegie Hall Feb. 2, Mr. Koussevitzky

February 10, 1929

CONCERTS OF THE COMING FORTNIGHT

Feb.

- 10—Philharmonic-Symphony, Carnegie Hall, afternoon.
- 10—Friends of Music, Town Hall, afternoon.
- 10—Ruth Breton, violin, Gallo Theatre, afternoon.
- 10—Grandjany and Leroy, harp and flute, Golden Theatre, evening.
- 10—Myra Sokolskaya, songs, Gallo Theatre, evening.
- 10—Earle Spicer, baritone, Guild Theatre, evening.
- 11—Philipp Scharf, violin, evening, Carnegie Hall.
- 11—Frank Sheridan and Emanuel Zetlin, violin, Town Hall, evening.
- 11—Dorothy Lewis, piano, Steinway Hall, evening.
- 12—Anna Winitzky, piano, Carnegie Hall, evening.
- 12—Una Bates, songs, Town Hall, afternoon.
- 12—Clara Rabinovitch, piano, Town Hall, evening.
- 13—Giacomo Quintano, violin, Carnegie Hall, evening.
- 13—Alton Jones, piano, Town Hall, evening.
- 14—Philharmonic-Symphony, Carnegie Hall, afternoon.
- 14—Silvio Scionti, piano, Town Hall, afternoon.
- 14—Oratorio Society, Town Hall, evening.
- 14—Philharmonic-Symphony, Carnegie Hall, afternoon.
- 14—Silvio Scionti, piano, Town Hall, afternoon.
- 14—Oratorio Society, Town Hall, evening.
- 15—Ethelyn Dryden, piano, Town Hall, afternoon.
- 15—Philharmonic-Symphony, Carnegie Hall, evening.
- 15—Frances Marie Callow, harp, Steinway Hall, evening.
- 16—Sergei Rachmaninoff, piano, Carnegie Hall, afternoon.
- 16—Felix Salmond, 'cello, Town Hall, afternoon.
- 16—League of Composers, Town Hall, evening.
- 16—Students' Philharmonic, Carnegie Hall, evening.
- 17—Friends of Music, Town Hall, afternoon.
- 17—Fedor Chaliapin, bass, Carnegie Hall, evening.
- 17—Chamber Music Society, Hotel Plaza, evening.
- 17—Maier and Pattison, two pianos, Golden Theatre, evening.
- 17—Jean Dusseau, soprano, Guild Theatre, evening.
- 18—Sergei Barsukoff, piano, Town Hall, afternoon.
- 18—Beethoven Association, Town Hall, evening.
- 18—Manuel Millet, baritone, Carnegie Hall, evening.
- 18—Ailsa Craig, MacColl, piano, Steinway Hall, evening.
- 18—Bizet's "Djamileh," Little Opera Company, Heckscher Theatre.
- 19—Martha Baird, piano, Town Hall, afternoon.
- 19—Luella Melius, soprano, Town Hall, evening.
- 19—Lillian Benisch, Benno Rabinof, Hotel Barbizon, evening.
- 20—Angelica Morales, piano, Carnegie Hall, evening.
- 20—Dorothy Helmrich, songs, Town Hall, evening.
- 20—Emilie Goetze, piano, Steinway Hall, evening.
- 21—Philharmonic-Symphony, Carnegie Hall, evening.
- 21—Maud von Steuben, songs, Town Hall, evening.
- 22—Philharmonic-Symphony, Carnegie Hall, afternoon.
- 22—Alba Nardone, violin, Town Hall, afternoon.
- 22—Institute of Musical Art, Carnegie Hall, evening.
- 23—Yelly d'Aranyi, violin, Town Hall, afternoon.
- 23—Philharmonic, students' concert, Carnegie Hall, evening.
- 24—Toscha Seidl, violin, Carnegie Hall, afternoon.
- 24—Yehudi Menuhin, violin, Carnegie Hall, evening.
- 24—John Charles Thomas, baritone, Town Hall, afternoon.
- 24—Rose Raymond, piano, Guild Theatre, evening.

repeated the major portion of his program of Thursday evening, Honegger's *Rugby* and Bloch's *America*, reviewed in another column, and presented the *Leonore Overture No. 3*, of Beethoven, and the *Gymnopédes* of Satie in Debussy's orchestral version.

Patience doubtless is a virtue, but Mr. Koussevitzky's supply of it outdistanced that of his audience by too great a margin in the first two pieces on his program. Wagner said that an *Adagio* could not be played too slowly; but when *Adagios* are played too slowly, it seems, Mr. Koussevitzky will play them. The performances had many virtues, however; especially noteworthy among them was the self-effacing and painstaking care which it is now Mr. Koussevitzky's habit to lavish upon music that he likes. For this relief much thanks.

A. M.

The Curtis Quartet

THE CURTIS QUARTET included for its Jan. 28 concert at Town Hall Haydn's B-flat Quartet (Op. 76), Schumann's A-major Quartet (Op. 41), and Brahms' Quintet in F-minor for string quartet and piano. Because of changes in the faculty of the Curtis Institute the personnel of the Quartet has necessarily been altered. Now Miss Luboshutz is the first violinist, Edwin Bachmann the second, while Louis Bailly and Felix Salmond remain as the viola player and 'cellist.

These four well-known artists of course play authoritatively, each a master of his instrument, but perfection in quartet playing comes not from the excellence of individual members, but from a spirit of unity born of long association. Each player must not only know himself, but also each of his confreres, feeling with him, intuiting and anticipating his emotional and intellectual changes, adjusting and coloring his own playing to the passing mood, effacing yet upholding his own separate art. Such perfection must obviously be the flowering of a slow and careful growth. The Curtis Quartet is still too young to have reached this stage in its evolution. It already has vitality, vigor, power, bold color, and a feeling more for the music's thought and structure and texture than for its surface grace, polish, and delicacy of expression.

The playing of the Haydn and Schumann was the work of four very fine artists rather than of a quartet with its own personality. But the Brahms Quintet was more unified. Harry Kaufman's piano part seemed to serve as a focal point, drawing in and fusing together the four stringed instruments, giving solidarity and group life. Appreciative applause from the large, musicianly audience showed its approval of the progress that the Curtis Quartet has already made on the long and arduous road to real distinction in the performance of the masterpieces of chamber music.

A. P. D.

Hess and d'Aranyi

TWO distinguished artists, Yelly d'Aranyi and Myra Hess, gave a sonata program at Town Hall on Tuesday afternoon, Jan. 29. Whereas either of them would have drawn a large audience in a

(Continued on page 52)



THE NEW BOOKS

MR. MASON TALKS ABOUT MODERN SPINNING

By Arthur Mendel



THE DILEMMA OF AMERICAN MUSIC, and Other Essays, by Daniel Gregory Mason; New York, The Macmillan Company, 1928, 306 pp.

ONE regrets a little that Mr. Mason has chosen to give to his latest collection of essays the name of one of the less interesting in the group. On the subject of American music there is not, perhaps, anything very novel to be said. But tracing the roots of composers whose derivation is well known to all of us is hardly a productive occupation. We know that Professor Hill owes much to France; we need still less to be told that Loeffler is "exclusively and inclusively French." One wonders rather, at his inclusion in any case in a chapter on American music.

The Dilemma of American Music is, it would seem to us, the Dilemma of American Anything. The work of art may be the shadow of the Thing-in-itself, but it is in terms of the phenomenal world. When there is anything distinctly American to be expressed in art there will be no Musical Dilemma. Architecture has already responded to a clear necessity. American literature has more than begun. American music is in a more uncertain state.

But Mr. Mason does not examine the possible basis of American Music. The general criticism may be levelled at all his essays that he inclines to the episodic and the fragmentary. Too frequently he is content to pile instance upon instance and to neglect or, more often, to over-illustrate the principles he mentions. There are, too, quotations more than aplenty: "Besides what d'Indy has called 'complications inutiles' in harmony," and "Les principes d'art sont éternelles; ils restent."

IN other essays Mr. Mason is more revealing. But one of the things he reveals, to be truthful, is a taste less catholic and less tolerant than one would have expected from his eminence and erudition. It is rather startling to be told in 1928 that the interest of the music of Scriabine, among others, is "less aesthetic than intellectual or social." Stravinsky, Malipiero, Prokofieff, even poor Griffes is on the same list.

"Is it not obvious that Prokofieff is far nearer to almost any other man in this list (Schönberg, Ornstein, Casella, Satie, Milhaud, Goossens, Berners and Bliss, besides the men we have mentioned) than to his compatriots Tchaikovsky and Moussorgsky?"

One would like to ask Dr. Mason what relation he finds between Prokofieff on the one hand and Schönberg, or Satie, on the other. And how any of these is even remotely connected with Griffes. Not alone our Schönbergs, Scriabines and Stravinskys but "even to a large degree our Debussys and Ravels," it seems, are "losing them-

BOOK SUGGESTIONS

Moussorgsky, by Oskar von Riese-
mann; Alfred A. Knopf.

An exhaustive and sympathetic biography, translated from the German, containing a full list of Moussorgsky's works and analyses of many of them. To be reviewed.

A Musician At Large, by Harvey
Grace; Oxford University Press.

A small volume containing selections from the author's amusing and informing essays published in the English Musical Times under the pseudonym, Feste. To be reviewed.

Prima Donna, A Novel of the Opera,
by Pitts Sanborn; Longmans,
Green and Co. Reviewed in this
issue.

The story of an Ohio Lass who
achieves the Metropolitan stage.
A first novel by the critic of the
New York Telegram.

selves in subtleties about . . . methods and materials," as the euphuists did in literature." So-called "ultra-modern composers," says Mr. Mason, "have precisely reversed the normal condition,—much of their music is 'all harmony and no melody' all 'glistening surface' tapestry, clothing, with no 'living and acting being' beneath."

Now this is pivotal. Is contemporary music for the most part all surface and no content? Stravinsky was, perhaps, much taken up with questions of color when he wrote the *Sacre*, but even Mr. Mason would probably not maintain that that work is clothing. One might more easily hold that there is not much in the way of living and acting being in Apollon Musagète or in the pianoforte sonata, but there are few who would find in them any very glistening surface, any very exotic tapestry. Hindemith, of whose existence Mr. Mason hardly seems aware, fills his music with as intense and deep an emotional content as Brahms. Beside his burning sincerity the music of Strauss, (with d'Indy and Elgar, Mr. Mason's examples of the symptoms of the more healthy tendencies of our time) is shown up as the "clothing" that it is.

HEALTH, after all, means growth. The mistake of Strauss and d'Indy is that they failed to realize that in certain directions music had reached its zenith,—that Wagner, Liszt and Franck reached a perfection in the directions in which they went that it was worse than useless to try to develop. It was Debussy, whom Mr. Mason hesitates to call either healthy

or unhealthy, who showed that rugged fearlessness and healthy independence that characterizes vital art. He appreciated as well as Strauss the glories of Tristan—yes, better than Strauss, for he realized that there was no further progress to be made in the direction in which Wagner had reached so high a peak. Unhealthiness in art is typified by Strauss and d'Indy and Elgar. They are the faint and decadent echoes of a past glory, instead of being the early and inchoate and, in themselves, insignificant forerunners of a new and different (not greater) age. In these latter is true health. It is in Strauss and d'Indy and Elgar that we see, in Mr. Mason's words (but he applies them to Casella and Prokofieff and Debussy and Ravel) "a decrepit, senescent, decaying art, . . . slowly dying of hardening of the arteries."

It is even a question of true reverence for the past. The men that Mr. Mason would hold up as examples of the living and healthy continuers of the best traditions of the past are really those who have shown least appreciation of them. Stravinsky,—yes, Milhaud and Auric at their wildest, have never felt for a moment that they could improve on the masters of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries in their own departments. They have realized that towards the middle and end of the last century one era of musical history reached its climax, and they have been content to know that they were but the groping precursors of the next fruitful age.

On rhythmic questions Mr. Mason is of more help, and particularly in the essay on *The Tyranny of the Bar-Line* he has started on a really fruitful line of thought with much courage and clear-sightedness. It is a field in which any one has a chance to be a pioneer, and if Mr. Mason would give us a whole book on questions of rhythm and commentary on Dr. Riemann's researches, he would do real service.

There are also some essays on various aspects of the life and works of Beethoven.

BOOKS RECEIVED

Mention under this heading neither implies nor precludes subsequent review.

PSYCHOLOGICAL MONOGRAPHS; University of Iowa Studies in Psychology, No. XII, Seashore Commemorative Number; edited by Walter R. Miles and Daniel Starch; published for the American Psychological Association by Psychological Review Company, Princeton, N. J., and Albany, N. Y.

FRANZ SCHUBERT; and his times, by Karl Kobald; translated from the German by Beatrice Marshall; New York, Alfred A. Knopf; 277 pp.

A DANAID OF THE DANCE

WHEREIN LA HUARA IS SEEN TO CARRY WATER IN A SIEVE

By Ivan Narodny

OUR dance recitals are increasing in numbers and in contrasts: from bare-foot naturalistic performances to the futurist type of ritualistic exponents of the vanished Incas. On Sunday evening, Jan. 27, in New York we had Anita, Erna and Katherine of the Elizabeth Duncan School in the Booth Theatre; Helba Huara, from the land of Incas, at the Guild Theatre; Harald Kreutzberg and Yvonne Georgi from Germany at the Fulton, and the Isadora Duncan Dancers from Moscow in the Wallack Theatre, besides the dozen or more regular film or theatrical ballets — which means a lot.

Helba Huara, said to be an actress from Peru, was the most original phenomenon of all, simply because she represented a link between the mystic graveyard dancers of medieval Egypt and Arabia, and the esoteric wing of ultra-modern individualists.

Helba Huara would have been a sensation had she not jumped from a logical principle of the art of dancing to an Utopian experiment with excellent mimic and plastic faculties; and this experimentation, which she proffered as something novel, was more in accord with her ideas and virtuosity than was the old-fashioned business of dancing to music.

Señorita Huara opened her program with the following foreword: "The poems and motives of the dances of Helba Huara were conceived by her in various periods of her life. Most of them were originally constructed in the old form of dancing to musical accompaniment. As the development of her own means of expression reached its climax, the importance of the musical part diminished.



HELBA HUARA, PERUVIAN DANCER, WHO GAVE A PANORAMIC PICTURE OF HER LIFE IN CHOREOGRAPHY AT A NEW YORK DANCE RECITAL, JAN. 27.

In the final form, the music instead of being a source of inspiration and a fundamental basis became an obstacle. This fact inspired her to a different conception of dancing, suppressing the music into a rhythmic meter without notes, carried out by the castanets."

Señorita Huara's argument sounds original, but the question remains: can one call that "dancing" which in universal choreographic terminology is designated as "acting"? Dancing without music is like "silent singing," or "invisible painting." It is an attempt that reminds me of the Greek legend of the Danaides, who carried water in a sieve. Helba Huara believes she can accomplish the unusual and be a magician on the modern stage. But unfortunately, by discarding such a trifle as music, she

actually destroys the logical basis of her art and thus prejudices an academic onlooker from the start. As I could not make an impressive speech in silence to an audience, neither can Helba Huara prove that her "dancing" without music is anything more than dabbling in pantomime. By no means is it dancing.

An actually magnificent theme in her repertoire was the number called Medieval, of which she said in her program: "Helba Huara enters the strange world of the supernatural, mystic hallucination and religious fervor. The emotional power and nightmare atmosphere of this movement is portrayed by the castanets from which emanate broken rhythms and dark shades of sound, producing an insuperable feeling of mystery and exorcism. . . . A woman, remembering her dead lover, comes nightly to the

(Continued on page 49)

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W H O ' S W H O I N M U S I C A L A M E R I C A

HERBERT F. PEYSER was for twelve years chief critic of *Musical America* under John C. Freund, was music critic of the *Musical Observer* for three years, and did critical writing for the *New York Evening Post* for four years. He is a frequent contributor to the magazines, and has been assistant music critic of the *New York Telegram* since 1924. From 1926 to 1928 he was program annotator for the New York Symphony Orchestra.

LAWRENCE GILMAN, whose professional career includes several years as music editor of *Harper's Weekly* and the *North American Review*, as well as the authorship of many books on musical subjects, is at present music critic of the *New York Herald-Tribune* and program annotator for the Philadelphia and Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestras. His program notes on the masterpieces of the standard orchestral repertoire appear regularly in *Musical America*.

ERNEST NEWMAN's first book, *Gluck and the Opera*, published in 1895 when he was engaged in business in Liverpool, was the beginning of a brilliant career as music critic and commentator. He has been successively music critic of *The Manchester Guardian*, *The Birmingham Daily Post*, *The London Observer*, and the *London Sunday Times*. In 1924-25 he interrupted his *Times* affiliation long enough to act as guest-critic of the *New York Evening Post*. He has written a dozen books on musical subjects, is the English translator of Wagner's later music dramas, and is an authority on Wagner, Hugo Wolf, Richard Strauss, and player-piano music. He will be a regular contributor to *Musical America*.

IRVING WEIL is beginning his nineteenth year as music critic of the *New York American* and his second as chief critic of *Musical America*.

ETHEL KELLEY, whose novels include *Beauty and Mary Blair*, *Wings, Home, James*, and *Heart's Blood*, is, despite her name, a native of Cape Cod.

MARY KENNEDY, the playwright and actress, is the author of several plays, including *Mrs. Partridge Presents*. Her most recent appearances on the New York stage were in leading roles in *The Nineteenth Hole* and *A Man With Red Hair*.

ROLAND YOUNG, son of a famous English architect, was originally destined for his father's profession, but compromised by becoming one of the best known actors on the American stage. His most recent appearances were in *Beggar on Horseback*, *The Last of Mrs. Cheney*, and *The Queen's Husband*. His second book of caricatures, *Not for Children*, comes off the press next month.

LOUISE DUTTON is the author of many short stories and several novels, including *The Goddess Girl*, *Going Together*, and *The Wishing Moon*.

REA IRVIN began life as an actor, but resigned for art's sake. His drawings and designs are now the life of many American periodicals, *The New Yorker* in particular.

HIRAM MOTHERWELL, correspondent in Rome for the *Chicago Daily News*, for the last four years, is a graduate of Harvard, where he obtained his musical education. In 1913 and 1914 he was assistant music critic of the *Boston Transcript*, and in 1917 held a similar post on the *New York Tribune*.

WAGNER PROGRAM GIVEN IN OMAHA

Sandor Harmati conducted a Wagner program when the Omaha Symphony Orchestra gave its fourth concert on Jan. 17 in the Omaha City Auditorium. This was the second Wagner program Mr. Harmati has presented to his public, and again he proved his mettle. The overtures to *Rienzi* and *Tannhauser*, the *Prelude to Lohengrin*, the *Liebestod* from *Tristan and Isolde* and *Forest Murmurs* from *Siegfried* showed the players in a favorable light. The occasion was further made notable by the participation of Elsa Alsen, who sang the *Immolation Scene* from *Gotterdammerung* and the *Cry from Die Walkure*.

M. G. A.

OLGA SAMAROFF GIVES LECTURE ON JAZZ

The Baltimore Music Club gave its members an insight into what Olga Samaroff Stokowski considers the "only distinctive American contribution to music" when she lectured on jazz in Pythian Hall on Jan. 15. Mme. Samaroff traced the origin and lineage of her subject, outlining its progress to the present day. Paul Nordoff and Bernard Gabriel, pianists, assisting in the program played the Gershwin Rhapsody in Blue.

F. C. B.

ARRANGE COPYRIGHT WITH FINLAND

After receiving satisfactory official assurances that composers and authors of the United States may obtain copyright for their works in Finland in the manner defined in Section 8 of the United States Copyright Act, the President of the United States, by proclamation, has extended to citizens of Finland the reciprocal benefits under the provisions of this act.

A. T. M.

Musical America

A DANAID OF THE DANCE

(Continued from page 47)

graveyard to bring flowers to the departed. She sees and hears the voices of those who would snatch the gift from her hands, who are making love to her, who hate her and are her rivals in love. She crosses herself, she thinks he is playing with her, hiding behind headstones. Then he is gone. In her delusions he rises before her in the air. She throws the bouquet to him. The flowers to earth. . . ."

What a Hamletian theme! What gripping music could a Sibelius, a Kodaly or even a Gustave Morales write on the subject for Helba Huara? Yet she imagines she can dance it with nothing but her castanets to mark the rhythm. And that is where she failed.

HELBA HUARA is undoubtedly an excellent pantomimic artist, especially in her facial expression and bodily contortions and in her grasp of the subject's mystic features. In fact, all her dancing was distinctly ritualistic with a predominant feeling for the tragic, the abnormal and the diabolical. Her interpretation of the movement called Crime in A Trilogy of Impassioned Moods reminded me of the dances of the Central Asian flagellists, who perform their self-torturing ballets in a somewhat similar spirit by distorting their faces, turning their eyes and breathing in an agonized fashion, as Senorita Huara did in this number.

The artistic power of her ritualistic pictures was lost because they lacked the essential of all dancing—music. Senorita Huara should not forget that the basis of every dance, be it romantic or ritualistic, realistic or mystic, is music. This music may be instrumental or vocal, or both together, but never silent! Even in the case of the highest Shamanistic mysteries, where only the sound of drums is employed for the sacred dance, the priest chants the text of the plot to which initiated witches perform. Huara's use of castanets and heels to emphasize the rhythmic part of her "dancing" was a poor substitute, and failed to supply what was lacking; the phonetic design. Her portrayal of the number called A Trilogy of Impassioned Moods would have been an excellent representation of modern ritualistic dancing had she employed even a chanting singer to furnish the primary feature of her art, after the manner of the African and Central Asian graveyard dancers of today.

The first part of Helba Huara's program was made up of five dances without music. The second part was called Inca Dances; these were given with piano accompaniment, the music being arranged by Don Daniel Aomia Robles, Peruvian composer and archeologist. Particularly impressive was a dance in the second part of the program. This bore the title of Lacca—Dance of Witchery—and the text read:

"The sorcerer changes his body and takes on the appearance of a rabbit, then of a puma and a condor. These three animals were considered symbols in the practices of Inca witchery. . . ."

February 10, 1929

Totally different in spirit and form were the barefoot displays of Anita, Erna and Katherine of the Elizabeth Duncan School. The first part of their exhibition held music by Bach, Scarlatti, Corelli, Mozart and Cesar Franck; the last part was devoted to compositions by Scriabine, Schubert, Brahms and Baumann. All the dances were more or less of the classroom type.

Erna was by far the best of the three, displaying greater facility in presenting naturalistic illustrations of Isadora's doctrine than did Anita or Katherine. She was particularly delightful in one of the Schubert waltzes and in the Liebeslieder waltzes by Brahms.

However, the impression these three American exponents of the Elizabeth Duncan School made was more on the order of some classroom or studio than in line with the principles Isadora advocated in her individualistic way—even if she failed in her technic. It seems to me the separation of Isadora and Elizabeth in their pedagogic methods was a detrimental stroke similar to the separation of Diaghileff and Fokine, Pavlova and Mordkin, etc. The eccentric leaps of Isadora found a natural counter balance in Elizabeth's more systematic methods, yet their alienation left the latter without any inspiring initiative, as Max Merz, who directs the school near Salzburg, is an excellent musical scholar, but without choreographic culture.

After having seen the simple but emotionally spontaneous dances of Isadora's graceful Moscow girls, it seems to me they outdo the followers of her sister Elizabeth. Neither Erna, Anita or Katherine could rival with the Moscow Duncanites, whose leaps and postures breathed the atmosphere of free nature:—steppes, meadows, woods, sheep and romping animals.

THE program of Anita, Erna and Katherine was made up of light social dances, with the exception of two Scriabine numbers, which they performed rather awkwardly in view of the fact that the musical subject was undancable and totally unsuited to the naturalistic style. The three otherwise graceful girls looked like weary shepherds getting up from their rest, to the accompaniment of a music that meant nothing.

In general, the Elizabeth Duncan disciples failed in the individualistic potentialities displayed by the disciples of Isadora. Their dances lacked the smell of free nature—the Arcadian flavor, which is the outstanding feature of Isadora's message to the art of dancing.

TO ATTEND REUNION

Congress has passed a bill to permit the United States Marine Band to attend the Confederate Reunion at Charlotte, N. C., in June of this year. An appropriation of \$7,500 was provided for expenses.

A. T. M.

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GREET RACHMANINOFF

An audience that overflowed to the stage heard Sergei Rachmaninoff give a piano concert in Rochester on Jan. 25. His playing called forth many requests for encores, but these were not forthcoming until the end of the evening, and then were granted with a great virtuoso's legitimate reserve.

M. E. W.

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Mme. Ney's Ninth American Concert Tour will be from Oct. 1, to Feb. 7, 1930

Among the 110 engagements filled by Mme. Ney this season in Europe, 36 were with leading symphony orchestras in Berlin, Cologne, Dresden, Leipzig, Hamburg, Munchen, Zurich, Vienna, Bonn, Bremen, Paris, Amsterdam, Utrecht, Den Haag, Rotterdam, London.

Some Recent European Comments

Berlin: Der Tag., Oct. 19, 1928—"Elly Ney's Schubert recital—an unforgettable experience; the complete graciousness, true-heartedness, purity, simplicity and animation of Schubert's spirit."

Dessau: Anhalter Anzeiger, Oct. 25, 1928—"Elly Ney! That name embraces completely everything that can be said of monumental, transporting, glorious, magic piano playing."

Dresden: Volkszeitung, Oct. 23, 1928—"The critic in attending a concert by Elly Ney can allow himself the rare privilege of relaxing and just listening and becoming enraptured by this God-given artist."

Mme. Ney will be available for a limited number of engagements during the summer of 1929.

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* * * *

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* * * *

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PERSONALITIES

ACTIVITIES OF ARTISTS FROM OCEAN TO OCEAN



THE PRO ARTE STRING QUARTET arrived in the United States from Belgium on the Ile de France Jan. 29 for an extensive tour. Its personnel consists of Messrs. Onnou, Halleux, Prevost and Maas. The tour was scheduled to begin in Chicago on Feb. 3, to be followed by the following engagements: Cleveland, Feb. 4; and Ann Arbor, Feb. 5. Future bookings are: Columbus, Feb. 10; Oberlin, Feb. 12; Granville, Feb. 14; New York, under the auspices of the League of Composers, Feb. 16; Philadelphia, Feb. 17; Boston, Feb. 20; Montreal, Feb. 24; Quebec, Feb. 25; Lansing, Feb. 28; Denver, March 6; Kansas City, March 8; Rochester, March 12; Northampton, March 13; Sweet Briar, March 15.

EVERETT MARSHALL, American baritone, has given two broadcasting concerts for the General Motors' Hour this season. He has also appeared at Lake Placid, N. Y.; the Worcester Music Festival; Newark, N. J.; the Biltmore Friday morning musical in New York, in Chicago, Ill.; New Rochelle, N. Y.; Brooklyn, Mount Vernon, N. Y.; Wheeling, W. Va.; and in a Plaza musical in New York. On Jan. 1, Mr. Marshall commenced his second season with the Metropolitan Opera Company, where he will remain until the end of the season.

JOSEPH SZIGETI, violinist, has arrived for his fourth American tour. Within a stay of five weeks he will fulfill seventeen engagements, the last to be in Montclair, N. J., on March 1. He will sail on the Ile de France to resume his European engagements in London on March 12. Mr. Szigeti's appearances with the Chicago Symphony Orchestra and the Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra (his third re-engagement with both organizations) will mark the first performance in America of Casella's Concerto, dedicated to him.

MAURICE ROSENFELD, piano teacher, was announced to make his twelfth annual trip to Boston, New York, and Philadelphia, as special correspondent for the Chicago Daily News, from Jan. 27 to Feb. 4.

LENORA SPARKES, former soprano of the Metropolitan Opera who is now devoting herself entirely to concert, was announced to give a program at the Storm King School at Cornwall-On-Hudson Sunday evening, Jan. 27. During the current season Miss Sparkes has been giving Schubert centennial programs with Frederick Cheeswright. In her concert at the Storm King School she was to sing a miscella-

neous program including operatic arias and English songs.

PEARL BESUNER, youngest of the four American singers engaged this season by the Metropolitan Opera Company, is the holder of a fellowship at the Juilliard Graduate School. She is still a student at Juilliard and of Marcella Sembrich, whom she consults in all her work.



DAVID MANNES

THIRTY-SIX thousand persons heard four Saturday night symphonic concerts given in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York, under David Mannes. Nine thousand were on hand on Jan. 26 for the last of the month's programs, when Beethoven's Seventh Symphony was the principal work. Also listed were the March Solonelle of Tchaikovsky; Goldmark's Overture, Sakuntala; the Andante from Mendelssohn's Violin Concerto, played by six solo violins; Siegfried's Death and Funeral March; two movements from the Scheherazade Suite of Rimsky-Korsakoff, and the Finlandia of Sibelius. As an encore, Pierne's Entrance of the Little Fauns was played, and insistent applause required the repetition of it.

Symphonies played during the series were the Cesar Franck, Tchaikovsky's Fourth, and the First of Brahms, in addition to the Seventh of Beethoven.

The Museum authorities announced that the March concerts will be given as in former years, on the first four Saturday nights of the month. This is the eleventh year of these concerts, free to the public. They have been conducted by Mr. Mannes since their introduction as part of the Museum's annual program.

MISCHA LEVITZKI, pianist, has returned from Europe to begin his eleventh American tour. During the last year and a half Mr. Levitzki has been touring the Continent continuously and has made over sixty appearances, covering practically every country of Europe. He has played nine times in London alone, and a number of times in Paris, Berlin and Milan and Holland. Mr. Levitzki was announced to open his tour on Feb. 5 in Auburn, N. Y. During April he will give a series of recitals in Mexico City. His only New York concert of the season will take place in Carnegie Hall on Feb. 26 and his Chicago recital is to be given in the Studebaker on Feb. 17. He will also appear with the Chicago Symphony Orchestra on March 7 and 8.

TADEUSZ JARECKI'S String Quartet, Op. 21, had its London premiere Jan. 23 in Aeolian Hall, when it was presented at the second of three concerts by the Hewitt String Quartet. This work of the Polish composer now residing in America was introduced a few months ago in Paris and during the last few years has been extensively played in many European cities. The Hewitt String Quartet is in reality the old Capet Quartet of the Paris Conservatoire, plus Albert Locatelli, second violin, since Maurice Hewitt assumed the leadership, with Henri Benoit and Camille Delobelle, as violist and cellist.

ETHEL SLEEPER RUSSELL of Worcester, a pupil of the dramatic department of the New England Conservatory in Boston, of which Clayton D. Gilbert is instructor, gave a recital on Jan. 17. Mrs. Russell was assisted by recent Conservatory graduates: Carl Feldman, pianist; Harry Dickson, violinist; Edwin L. Stuntzener, cellist, and Gertrude G. Brailey, accompanist.

GEORGES ENESCO, Rumanian violinist and composer, arrived recently on the Aquitania for his fifth concert tour of America. During his short stay, he will appear with the Detroit, Cleveland, and St. Louis orchestras, and will introduce his Second Orchestral Suite, Op. 20, which had its first performance in November in Berlin under Dr. Kunwald.

WALTER GIESEKING, pianist, will be heard "At the Baldwin," the third hour sponsored by the Baldwin Piano Company on Sunday evening, Feb. 17, over Station WJZ and the associated stations of the National Broadcasting Company from 7:30 to 8 o'clock.

RECITALS IN GOTHAM

(Continued from page 45)

solo recital, curiously enough their joint appearance enticed only a small crowd. Their program listed four sonatas—Brahms' D-minor, Mozart's B-major (No. 6), Beethoven's A-minor (No. 4) and Cesar Franck's A-major.

Miss d'Aranyi's playing is difficult to describe. It has strength, and at times even a brusqueness; the technique is usually reliable, except for occasional faulty intonation; the tone is kaleidoscopic in its variety, always interesting and at times beautiful. Miss Hess' command of the piano always calls for superlative praise; it is characterized by subtlety of perception, delicacy of coloring, and refinement in phrasing and balance. The clarity and evenness of her trills, arpeggi, and scales declare her technique impeccable.

On the whole the two artists play well together. Miss Hess gets the honors for the elegance of the classic Mozart and Beethoven, but she must share them equally with Miss d'Aranyi for the Brahms. Both seemed weary by the time they reached the Franck Sonata, and the first part lacked its upward surge; the finale seemed to challenge them to renew their spirits and they gave it a rousing performance.

A. P. D.

Jules Bledsoe

THE feature of the recital of Jules Bledsoe, Negro baritone, at the Gallo Theatre, on Jan. 27, was his appearance with Lisa Roma in a duet scene from the third act of Aida, in costume. The portrayal of this scene of Amonasro gave Mr. Bledsoe an opportunity to display his operatic talents. It was an artistic presentation showing good interpretive powers. Miss Roma was most gracious in sharing the honors with Mr. Bledsoe. They were assisted by members of the New York Philharmonic-Symphony.

The singing of Mr. Bledsoe was noted for its purity of diction and beautiful shading, in which he disclosed a voice of remarkable quality used with discrimination. His program included compositions of Handel, Caccini, Mozart, Schubert, and a group of Negro spirituals, which few singers can sing with more artistry. He offered among his encores Water Boy, and the Volga Boat Song. The accompanist was Emmanuel Bey, who gave good support; he also gave a group of piano works by Rachmaninoff, Prokofieff, and Scriabine.

C. G. A.

Sunday Philharmonic

THE Wagner program of the Philharmonic-Symphony at the Metropolitan Opera House on Sunday afternoon, Jan. 27, was not altogether successful. The guest conductor was Fritz Reiner, leader of the Cincinnati forces; the New York orchestra is not yet used to the mannerisms of his direction and the men were frequently not responsive to his beckonings, which they probably could not interpret. The opening Overture to Rienzi was taken very slowly, and consequently dragged. The

Venusberg scene was almost incredibly tame; Mr. Reiner failed to whip his band up to the sensuous outburst in which most conductors glory.

CONCERTS OF LAST FORTNIGHT

- Jan.
 27—New York Philharmonic-Symphony, Metropolitan Opera House, afternoon.
 27—Erna Rubinstein, violin, Town Hall, afternoon.
 27—Alexander Brailowsky, piano, Carnegie Hall, afternoon.
 27—Paul Reimers, tenor, Golden Theatre, evening.
 27—Daniel Wolf, piano, La Verne Theatre, evening.
 28—Francis Macmillen, violin, Carnegie Hall, evening.
 28—Curtis Quartet, Town Hall, evening.
 29—Myra Hess and Yelli d'Aranyi, violin and piano, Town Hall, afternoon.
 29—Philadelphia Orchestra, Carnegie Hall, evening.
 29—Richard Hale, baritone, Town Hall, evening.
 30—Elisabeth Rethberg, soprano, Carnegie Hall, evening.
 30—Marie Morrissey, soprano, Town Hall, evening.
 30—Bach Cantata Club, Trinity Church, evening.
 30—Marjorie Meyer, soprano, Steinway Hall, evening.
 31—Boston Symphony, Carnegie Hall, evening.
 31—Muriel Kerr, piano, Town Hall, evening.
 Feb.
 1—G. D. Cunningham, organ, Wanamaker Auditorium, afternoon.
 1—Creighton Allen, piano, Carnegie Hall, evening.
 2—Boston Symphony, Carnegie Hall, afternoon.
 2—Katherine Bacon, piano, Town Hall, afternoon.
 3—Albert Spalding, violin, Carnegie Hall, afternoon.
 3—Sigrid Onegin, contralto, Town Hall, afternoon.
 3—Musical Art Quartet, Golden Theatre, evening.
 3—Hall Johnson Choir, Gallo Theatre, evening.
 3—Heinrich Schlusnus, baritone, Guild Theatre, evening.
 4—Arthur Shattuck, piano, Steinway Hall, evening.
 4—John Crouch, piano, Town Hall, evening.
 5—Eleanor Eaton, soprano, Town Hall, afternoon.
 5—Myra Hess and Harold Samuel, pianists, with Barrere Little Symphony, Town Hall, evening.
 5—Josef Lhevinne, piano, Carnegie Hall, evening.
 5—Leon Goossens, oboe recital, Steinway Hall, evening.
 5—St. Olaf Lutheran Choir, Metropolitan Opera House, evening.
 6—Moriz Rosenthal, piano, Carnegie Hall, evening.
 7—New York Philharmonic-Symphony, Carnegie Hall, evening.
 7—Harrington van Hoesen, baritone, Town Hall, evening.
 8—Teri Joseffy, piano, Town Hall, afternoon.
 8—Paul Kochanski, Carnegie Hall, evening.
 9—Norma Bleakley, soprano, Town Hall, afternoon.
 9—New York Philharmonic-Symphony, Carnegie Hall, evening.
 9—Martha Kovacs, violin, Town Hall, evening.

The work of the soloists had more vitality. Florence Austral sang the Greeting to the Hall of Song with dignity and nobility of tone, and rose to heroic heights in the Immolation Scene from Götterdämmerung. Her voice is tremendous in size, has warm full low tones, and a top

of the greatest brilliance. She found no difficulty either in singing sustained phrases or in the mighty declamation of the "Fliegt heim" passage. Richard Crooks began the Lohengrin Farewell with some of the sweetest, mellowest, easily produced legitimate head tones imaginable. The parting scene from the prologue of Götterdämmerung, which he sang with Miss Austral, and Siegfried's death music, however, showed his limitations. Mr. Crook's voice is lyric and ill-suited to the dramatic tenor requirements of the music; his sincerity could not atone for the sacrifice of his exquisite tone. The orchestra was warmly applauded for its rendition of the Siegfried funeral music, and both of the singers were many times recalled.

A. P. D.

TO PERFORM WORKS BY THREE AMERICANS

The Copland-Sessions Concerts announce the second of three programs of contemporary music for Sunday evening, Feb. 24, in the Little Theatre, New York. American composers to be represented are Roy Harris, Alexander Lipsky and Virgil Thomson. A Russian, Vladimir Dukelsky, will also have representation.

Mr. Harris has sent from Paris a piano sonata written in 1928. Mr. Lipsky, a young New Yorker, will be represented by a violin sonata. Mr. Thomson, who has been living in his native Kansas City since 1925, contributes Capital, Capitals, a work for four men's voices and piano to a text by Gertrude Stein which had its first performance in Paris, 1927, with the composer conducting.

Mr. Dukelsky offers three songs written to poems by Hippolyte Bogdanovitch, a Russian poet of the eighteenth century. Mr. Dukelsky, who makes his home in Paris, was first heard of in New York when, as a boy of nineteen in 1923, he presented his overture, Gondla, to a Carnegie Hall audience. Returning to France he carried the manuscript of a piano concerto which so attracted Serge Diaghileff that the latter commissioned the young composer to write a number for the Russian Ballet. Zephyr et Flore was the result, a work which had much success in Paris, London, and Monte Carlo.

Mr. Dukelsky is also the "Mr. Duke" who, with two others, wrote a musical comedy which was produced last year in London and ran for several months. Mr. Dukelsky composed a Ballet in Fourteen Acts at the age of eight and, as a pupil at the Kiev Conservatory under Gliere and Tavorsky, wrote a Septet at the age of thirteen.

O. J. GROSSMAN DIES

Otto J. Grossman, president of the Chipewa Trust Company of Saint Louis, an ardent patron of music, died on Jan. 19 of pneumonia at the age of fifty-six. He was for several terms president of the Liederkrantz Choral Club, and was active

Musical America

SYMPHONIC LIST GIVEN
BY CHICAGO COLLEGE

The Chicago Musical College Symphony Orchestra, directed by Leon Sametini, was heard in concert in the Central Theatre, Chicago, on Jan. 20.

Excellent progress was demonstrated by the young players. The first movement of Cesar Franck's D minor symphony was the main orchestral offering. Mr. Sametini's interpretation of this work was along broad lines and showed careful attention to detail. The orchestra responded alertly to his direction, and proved well balanced in all sections. Glinka's Russlan and Ludmilla Overture was read with considerable verve and Strauss' Legends from the Vienna Woods was the concluding number to the program.

Four soloists were heard. Willie Goldsmith, a pupil of Rudolph Ganz, played the first movement of Beethoven's Emperor Concerto in classical style, and with ample technic. Edna Ellen, a pupil of Mr. Sametini, was successful with the pyrotechnics of Vieuxtemps' A minor violin concerto; and Elizabeth Klein, who studies with Isaac Van Grove, sang O mio Fernando from Donizetti's La Favorita in a manner creditable both to herself and her teacher.

M. A. M.

Lawrence Evans, of Evans & Salter, left New York on Monday, Feb. 4 for a five months' tour of the Orient with Amelita Galli-Curci. Mr. Evans and his party sailed from Seattle, Wash., on Feb. 9.

RUTH ST. DENIS GIVES
SOLO PROGRAM

Ruth St. Denis, fulfilled a single engagement in the Los Angeles playhouse, under the Behymer management, on Jan. 20. It is a rare occasion in which Miss St. Denis is seen in an entire program of solo dances, hence the eagerness with which her admirers welcomed the opportunity to applaud her. A trio provided the musical background.

Harry Ben Gronsky, with Raymond McFeeters at the piano, again exhibited his unusual prowess as a violin prodigy in a recital in the Hollywood Memorial Auditorium on Jan. 15. Master Gronsky draws a large and round tone of surprising warmth, and discloses a musical insight and command of style comparable with artists twice his age. The program included Lalo's Symphonie Espagnole. Master Gronsky is a pupil of Calmon Lubovski.

H. D. C.

IN LONG BEACH

John Ardizoni, baritone and vocal coach, sang at the meeting of the California Long Beach Art Association, Jan. 21, accompanied by Mabel Larson, pianist. Mr. Ardizoni also read his poem, The Clown, dedicated to the late Enrico Caruso. Jane Stanley, Alice S. Durham, Blanche Jehl and Bessie Hard, pianists, gave the program for the study section of the Women's Music Club, Jan. 18.

A. M. G.



International News

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THE LIVERPOOL AMATORE

(Continued from page 35)

duction of Purcell's Dido and Aeneas took precedence. The achievement was the more remarkable in that Tobin not only conducted, but also produced.

Further proof of an increasing vision was manifest the following season. Then mime-drama with music was produced, again encountering both habituated apathy and stereotyped opposition. The work that conquered was James Lyon's comedy, *Madame s'amuse*, a conception truly in the spirit of the gallant age whence operatic conceptions derived so much. The work achieved an immediate success and had one of the Liverpool Repertory's best runs.

The same season brought Boughton's *Queen of Cornwall*, a daring use of the theme employed by Wagner in *Tristan and Isolde*. The libretto was based on the work of Hardy and had the spirit of Celtic legendary sources. Boughton attended rehearsals and the work was produced by William Armstrong, director of the Liverpool Playhouse. The third notable production was a return to the origins of opera, Monteverde's *Orfeo*. It was an admirable presentation in which Tobin

dared conventional prejudice by placing his singers apart in a gallery, as in the period of the opera's composition, leaving the stage action free.

The season of 1927-28 saw a continuance of the triumphal march. Many of us have felt the need of scenic setting and action in Sir Edward Elgar's choral works. Tobin did not rest there. He dramatized the cantata *Caractacus*, the composer granting his permission to the essay. An even more vital venture followed,—the staging of Granville Bantock's folk legendary music drama, *The Seal Woman*. Here Tobin went further than making opera free to the greater public; he brought to that public some cognizance of its folk origins.

Although the Carnegie Grant elapsed this season, Tobin continues. This fall saw the production of yet another Lyon mime-drama, or to term it as does the composer, "melomime." This is *The Necklace*, a work of stern mould and tragic feeling. Just before Christmas came a revival of Rossini's too little heard and eminently virile *William Tell*.

This week has seen the score mount higher, in the musical sense and the numeral one. On Jan. 11 an entirely new operatic fable, *The Golden Goose*, by Gustav Holst, was given by Liverpool's Repertory Opera for the first time on any stage. Produced the same evening came Stravinsky's *Soldier's Tale*. Both represented iconoclasm in different ways. Both are largely representative of racial British and Russian traits. Both lay immense demands on the producer, apart from their musical ones.

Holst's work resolves itself into a kind of mobile panorama of decorative tableaux, illustrating the fairy tale of Grimm. A feeling for folk lore permeates the work, happily in the scenes which recall such characteristically popular features as the ancient mummers, less so in a rather deliberate archaicism of musical diction. The folk ballet which, like Holst's *Morning of the Year*, has a choral as well as a scenic setting, left the producer a fairly obvious problem in arranging his forces.

The Stravinsky work demanded more insight and group arrangement. Tobin vindicated his vision, and proved again the value of an arrangement which leaves every element free, yet co-operative in the general visual and aural effect. With Tobin conducting and David L. Webster producing, this unique combination of recited narrative, music and choregraphic action won its way.

FORMS ORCHESTRA

Joseph George Jacobson of San Francisco has organized a string orchestra with the object that it will play accompaniments to concertos for his advanced piano students.

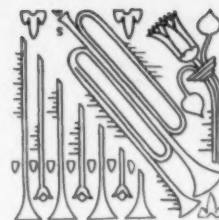
M. M. F.

Musical America



A PRIMA DONNA OF THE INK POT

(Continued from page 41)



As to "Prima Donna"—why not allow the author to speak for himself?

"I commenced writing this work simply for my own amusement. I had no idea of its present dimensions. I didn't even start the work at its present beginning. I commenced with a situation that most interested me—with Helma's arrival in Paris and the dawn of a debut before her. From then on I wrote the rest of the work, re-writing the last book, and finishing up by completing the first two books setting forth Helma's origin and her path eastward to New York and Paris.

"Prima Donna" has been five years in the writing, but with many busy months when I was unable to touch it. After it was well under way I discovered a truth at which I had always scoffed. I simply found myself an amanuensis of the story I had put in motion, a story which developed naturally and grew to unexpected proportions. Much of 'Prima Donna,' by the way, was written on shipboard, during various crossings. Some of it was written abroad and some of it here. And let me state that the conception of Helma is purely imaginary as are most of the people in the book. John O'Brien is not, as some suppose, John McCormack. It is John O'Sullivan, a remarkable soul, with the Chicago Opera a few years ago and now singing in Italy and South America."

The cover jacket of "Prima Donna" proclaims it a "modern saga, blending all that goes to make the glory of the singer

in that most glamorous of musical chariots, the opera.

The book is a modern saga—albeit one tinged with the spirit and color of a period already past. The story is the life of Helma Seymour, a girl who sings her way from Byzantium, Ohio, to New York, through seduction, despair, struggles, and adventures to Paris and the great operatic stages of three continents. The canvas is a huge one and most skillfully handled. The discussions and descriptions of provincial European opera houses, of the great stages of Paris, of the Metropolitan in New York, and a dozen other centers carry the stamp of authenticity. The characters one encounters—and there is a host of them—are well developed and give a splendid picture of the richly crowded tapestry that forms the colorful backdrop for Helma's career.

But Sanborn's characters, however completely drawn, seldom live completely. There is something a bit pallid about most of them. Even around Helma there clings a vague mist of distance which prevents the author, armed with a wealth of excellent material, from breathing life into the outline of the glowing magnetic individual which he has endeavored to create. These characters do not come to vivid life, despite its author's impressive efforts. In brief, "Prima Donna" is a novel written across the footlights from the critic's chair.

Nevertheless as a first novel, Mr. Sanborn's creation is rather remarkable. Not, as we have intimated, for its style or its

color or its treatment, but for what the author has himself referred to as its "orchestration." Its unity is naturally and beautifully preserved. There are six books—and six men—entitled Phoebe (alias Winfield Gaines), Dubosc, Raymond, Ravet, Guy and Gonsalvo. Four of these men possess Helma. All of them at crucial periods of her career contribute an indelible impulse, a lasting lustre, a permanent quality, all of which are welded and tempered through the flame of growth, forming the alloy, the masterpiece that is Helma.

Two volume novels and 616 pages are not contemporary habits these days. But there is an impression of strength in this work which may carry it far. The great theme of "Prima Donna" is not the heroine or her associations and relations with various characters in the book. Helma is not at all an extraordinary woman. Her *vie intime* is no more eventful than the career of many a woman in the history of music or the theatre. The theme about which Sanborn weaves the orchestration of this work is that flashing vitality, the fine radiant blade of talent, of genius, of life itself that courses through the veins of this woman and must be expressed in song. It is an element of Helma which in spite of her efforts, in spite of her rebuffs—one might say in spite of her own life—carries her triumphantly to her destiny.

It is the clear and penetrating exposition of these things which give blood and life and interest to "Prima Donna."

CON MOLTO ADORE

(Continued from page 11)

do not flirt and pet. They stay apart and ask their parents to discuss the financial details.

But the short-breathed, quick-action, whirlwind "emotional" effect in Italian music, what is it?

It is as carefully calculated as the "Sole Mio" of the Neapolitan quartet. It is as carefully calculated as a German symphony. And it has just as much erudition and tradition behind it.

Whether "No, No, Turiddu" and "Ridi Pagliaccio" were conceived in a twinkling or hammered out like the famous Andante theme of Beethoven's Fifth, I have no means of knowing. But I know that they were the result of an intense effort of the will to achieve an external effect. And it is a matter of record how Puccini labored and fussed over his scores, and how heroically concerned he was over their reception by the public. Donizetti, that caged canary of Italian opera, used to have a

nervous breakdown at each of his premieres.

I don't say that Italian music is the worse for this intense concern for practical success. I only point out that such calculation has little to do with that impetuous expression of the innermost soul which we thoughtlessly associate with Latin spontaneity. For true spontaneity, in this sense, you must, paradoxically enough, go to the Teutons. Schubert, who wrote tunes on the back of restaurant menus and could not bring himself to make his sonatas easy enough to sell to his publishers, is your type of spontaneous musician. Or, for that matter, a Wagner who insisted on writing what he knew every existent opera house would refuse to perform; or a Bruckner, who wrote so much too much quantity that the fine quality of his music is buried under the weight of its structure; or a von Hausegger, who had the romantic impulse to score his splendid ideas for a hundred and forty instruments when forty

would be ample. There you have reckless, impulsive self-expression. But in "Visi d'arte" you have an admirably cool adaptation of means to the desired end.

The Italians have lived longer than the Teutons and far, far longer than we Americans. They know their job expertly. They know so well how the human soul, beset by creditors and landlords and insurance agents and politicians, craves a little "spontaneous" release. And they offer to supply it. Having had to make terms with all kinds of tyrants, from prehistoric times to the present day, they have learned the trick of pleasing and diverting to perfection. Spontaneity, in the sense of the impulsive creation of beauty, they do not understand. But the illusion of spontaneity, the artifice by which man can be made to imagine for a moment the experience of elemental joy, or pathos, or passion—at creating this the Italian is an artisan as expert and conscientious as Benvenuto Cellini himself.

PHILADELPHIA ACCUMULATES NINE OPERAS IN WEEK

AND MOLINARI CONDUCTS SYMPHONY

By H. T. Craven



BERNARDINO MOLINARI, WHO HAS BEEN CONDUCTING THE PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA AS GUEST AND WILL SOON BE HEARD IN NEW YORK.

IN abundance of grand opera performances in Philadelphia all records were broken with a total of nine presentations in one week. The German Opera Company came to Keith's for a crowded six days. The New York Metropolitan paid its usual Tuesday visit to the Academy of Music, offering this time *The Barber of Seville* and on Thursday evening in the same theatre, the Civic Opera Company submitted *Il Trovatore*. To cap the profusion of musical events, Bernardino Molinari stirred Philadelphia Orchestra patrons mightily with two appearances as guest conductor.

The itinerant Germans drew large houses and in general hung up a creditable artistic score. The organization, under changed management, was assuredly in much better shape than at the time of its somewhat chaotic first performances in New York. There were comparatively few uncertainties in the Philadelphia productions, the chief weakness vesting in an orchestra, which though well directed, lacked sufficient numbers for the vast instrumental design of *Der Ring des Nibelungen*. With their resources of fifty-four players, Walter Rabl and Ernest Knoch,

conductors, accomplished much more than might have been expected. The readings of the masterworks had authority and balance. Shortage of string choirs and some vagaries in the brasses were the chief defects.

The Ring cycle ran through Monday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday evening. *Tristan und Isolde* was presented on Tuesday night and Saturday afternoon. *Die Walkure* was repeated on Saturday night.

The first *Walkure* surpassed all the other productions in distinction. There was a note of inspiration in this performance, a fine sincerity, good stage management and some excellent singing. Johanna Gadski submitted a *Brunnhilde* which gratifyingly recalled some of her memorable endeavors of the past.

There was a competent *Siegmond* in Karl Jörn, a creditable *Wotan* in Karl Braun and a first-rate *Fricka* in Ottilie Metzger Lattermann. Anna Schleffler-Schorr's *Sieglinde* had much vocal beauty and Bennett Challis proved well adapted to the role of *Hunding*. Mr. Knoch conducted with fiery intensity.

Götterdämmerung with Mary Diercks, Hans Taenzler, Eranz Egebieff, Warner Kius, Bennett Challis and Hildegard Bartz thrilled the largest audience of the cycle. There were orchestral shortcomings, in spite of Dr. Rabl's efforts in the final scene.

Rheingold was presented somewhat stodgily. Siegfried suffered from the wobbly vocalism of Willy Zilken, throve on the art of Kius and Henke as Alberich and Mime, and rose gallantly to climactic effectiveness in the commendable, if not particularly inspired, *Brunnhilde* of Juliette Lippe. Marcel Salzinger was the Wanderer, Dorothy Githens the Bird, Marwick the Fafner. Rabl conducted. The second *Walkure*, with Lippe in fine voice, brought forward in Richard Cross the best *Wotan* of the troupe. Zilken was the *Siegmond*, Schleffler-Schorr the *Sieglinde*, Braun the *Hunding*, Maura Canning the *Fricka*. Rabl conducted.

The *Tristan* performances proved the weakest in the series. Mary Diercks sang *Isolde* on Tuesday night to the *Tristan* of Willy Zilken. At the matinee Gadski gave a somewhat distressing account of herself—surprising after her *Brunnhilde* success—as *Isolde*, and Jörn was decidedly below par as *Tristan*, with an unexpected tendency to flout the key. Rabl conducted the first *Tristan*, Knoch the second.

THE Philadelphia Civic Opera Company submitted a performance of *Tannhauser* in the Academy of Music that somehow vitalized this uneven early Wagnerian work more convincingly than the New York Metropolitan's much more elaborate presentation in Philadelphia ten days previously.

Alexander Smallens, commanding the orchestra, performed wonders with certain of the "longueurs" of the score and in general co-ordinated the proceedings and sustained the pitch of interest. The principal roles, involving the services of Paul Alt-house in the name part, Leone Kruse as Elisabeth, Nelson Eddy as Wolfram, Emily Roosevelt as Venus and Herbert Gould as the Landgrave, were all capably sung and there was a welcome freedom from overemphasis in the acting. On the other hand the chorus gave a wobbly account of itself in the opening act, the scene change from Horselberg to Wartburg was badly managed and some of the lighting was crude. But these defects, although regrettable, became subordinated to the vigor and atmosphere of sincerity in the production. In a word, it "clicked" for most of the evening and delighted one of the Civic's largest audiences of the season.

The Metropolitan, in the same auditorium, offered an enthralling performance of *L'Amore dei Tre Re*, with special distinction in its lyrical values. Dramatically Rosa Ponselle, the Fiora, cannot touch the hem of Lucrezia Bori's garment of artistry in this character, but vocally the conditions are somewhat reversed. Miss Ponselle's tones displayed the finest luster in this performance. There was an excellent Avito in Edward Johnson and a satisfactory Manfredo in Lawrence Tibbett, who has improved this portrait since last year, Adamo Didur, as usual nowadays,

(Continued on page 58)

AGITATED GEOMETRICS

(Continued on page 37)

makes a German so different from an Anglo-Saxon, a Latin or a Slav. Their dancing was free and all that, but it was neither sensuous in the Broadway sense, nor Puritanic in the spirit of American reformers. It was abstractly ideal, with a little bit of Luther, Wagner and Nietzsche mixed.

Any thinking intellectual of our blessed Land of Ready-Made this and that, who wishes to witness the true German soul, rising from a debacle of Kaiserism and the nightmare of "Deutschland, Deutschland ueber alles," should not hesitate to see the unusual *rhythmological* displays of Harald Kreutzberg and Yvonne Georgi, who portray a German racial culture to come. The modernistic traits of their dances are by no means a Montmartre fad or Park Avenue fashion, but a lasting essential of a new classic rhythm of tomorrow.

CURTIS QUARTET PLAYS IN BOSTON

Lea Luboshutz made a Boston appearance again on Jan. 16, this time as first violinist with the Curtis Quartet. Its members are from the institute of like name; Edwin Bachmann, second violin; Louis Bailly, viola; Felix Salmond, 'cello. They gave string quarters by Haydn and Schumann, and the Brahms Quintet in F minor with Harry Kaufman at the piano.

Such animated playing as these artists gave was novel. Contrasted with the Flonzaleys, who are always thought of as a unit, the Curtis Quartet is immediately distinguished as a group of distinct personalities, thus lacking the finesse that comes with co-ordination, but vastly interesting separately. By reason of this verve, they were more impressive in fiery scherzos, especially in the Brahms Quintet, where Miss Luboshutz and Mr. Kaufman (though he at times anticipated the others), were artistically to the fore. For consistent beauty of tone and technic, Mr. Salmond took the honors.

Temperament of a different variety was heard when Jelly D'Aranyi played her violin on Jan. 14. Fiery, to be sure, but tempered by a versatile intellect, was a feeling which allowed her to execute in a laudably forthright manner Bach's Concerto in F, and to grace Schubert's Rondo Brilliant with a tonal as well as a technical brilliance. In Bartok's Hungarian folk-tunes she gave free rein to emotional gaities.

E. Y. G.

MUSICIANS ELECT OFFICERS

The Musicians' Club of Pittsburgh held its annual meeting on Jan. 17, when the following officers were elected: President, Ralph Lewando; vice-president, Casper P. Koch; secretary, Albert Reeves Norton; treasurer, James Philip Johnston; directors, Harvey B. Gaul, Carlo Rossini and Rudolph G. Volkwein.

February 10, 1929



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PHILADELPHIA ACCUMULATES NINE OPERAS

(Continued from page 56)

was a quite toneless Archibaldo, a part, which, however, he enacts superbly. Tullio Serafin gave an eloquent reading of the exquisite score.

Abram Chasins, a young pianist on the staff of the Curtis Institute of Music exhibited his virtuosity, which is impressive, and his talents as a composer which are considerable, in two Philadelphia Orchestra concerts, directed by Ossip Gabrilowitsch in the Academy. Mr. Chasins interpreted his own Concerto No. 1 in F minor, Op. 14, a work, effectively orchestrated, soundly compounded and entertaining as a vehicle without suggesting any special profundity of inspiration.

It is in three movements, the first, an Allegro vivace and a Molto energico subordinating the solo passages in a wealth of skilful instrumentation; the second an Andante of lyrical character and the third, the most significant and arresting part of the score, a brilliant Presto with a colorful Slavic cast. Mr. Chasins plays with an admirable tone and a fluent technic. He was well received.

Mr. Gabrilowitsch read the Brahms No. 2 in graceful style, but without much intensity of feeling, and infused dash and



CLEMENS KRAUSS, GUEST CONDUCTOR OF THE PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA, WHO WILL BE HEARD IN NEW YORK.

vividness into the glowing Carnival Overture of Dvorak.

The Metropolitan's Barber on Tuesday introduced Amelita Galli-Curci, for the first and only time this season. With her were Titta Ruffo, Armond Tokatyan, Ma-

latesta and Pinza. Belleza led the orchestra.

The Civic Company gave a spirited Trovatore with special laurels accruing to Kathryn Meisle, the Azucena and Bianca Saroya the Leonora. Judson House was the Manrico, Ivantsoff the Di Luna. Smallens conducted. There was a capacity audience.

THREE ENSEMBLES MAKE PHILADELPHIA DEBUTS

By W. R. MURPHY

CHAMBER music has been the most conspicuous manifestation in the Philadelphia concert field, the recent period being marked by the local debut of two organizations and the first public appearance of a third.

The debutant organizations were the Elshuco Trio, which played at the fifth meeting of the Chamber Music Association, Jan. 20, in the Bellevue ballroom, and the Stringwood Ensemble, a New York group, which appeared the same day before the Musical Association of the Young Men's and Young Women's Hebrew Association, constant sponsors of interesting musical offerings. The Curtis Quartet, which has played in Casimir Hall of the Curtis Institute, made its first public appearance in its reorganized form, in the Foyer of the Academy of Music Jan. 23. The fourth concert, on Jan. 27, was given as the third of the free programs in the new Art Museum on the Parkway, by two groups of artist pupils from the Curtis Institute.

THE Elshuco players introduced to Philadelphia the Trio, Caprice of Paul Juon, and a Trio quasi una Balletta, by Vitazslav Novak, a contemporary Czechoslovakian. One of the cognoscenti pointed out that the Juon work was original in that the thematic material was Slavic while the development was typically German. The result was highly grateful to the ear and as highly difficult to the players, who absolved themselves of its exigencies with nicety. The Novak work proved richly nationalistic in quality. The additional number was the Brahms Trio in B major, notable for the composer's complete reversion of the score after two score years. It was the revised score that Messrs. Willeke, Kroll and Giorni performed with finely co-operative ensemble and mature insight into its depth of beauty.

Brahms was also a star contributor to the public program of the Curtis Quartet, his Quintet in F minor enlisting the service of Lea Luboschutz and Edwin Bachman, violinists; Felix Salmond, 'cellist, Louis Bailly, viola player, and Harry Kaufman, pianist. Mme. Luboschutz and Mr. Bachman replace Carl Flesch and Emanuel Zetlin, who were the original violinists of the organization. Despite the fact that the personnel is one of soloists,

(Continued on page 64)

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TWO ORCHESTRAL CONDUCTORS

(Continued from page 24)

the work of a clever, and above all, a competent composer. There are no excess motions wasted on inessentials. The rather conventional ballad on which the "symphonic narrative" is based is actually illustrated, sometimes strikingly well and sometimes merely obviously. And there is one excellent thematic tune that is made to do its full duty—and perhaps a bit more. Mr. Gabrilowitsch had his mind on the tale and everything that helped to tell it in the orchestra; he seemed really to be more at home, as we have said, in this Hofmannized Castle of Otranto than within the less picturesque necessities of Brahms.

This does not mean that he did not find much of what one has come to know lies within the D-major symphony. He particularly gave expression to its exaltation, its frequent and especially its final enunciation of triumphant well-being which came at the listener with vigorous eloquence. But the performance was one of generalities. In particulars, in subtle distinctions among the less patent emotions that are coiled beneath the surface of this music, in its merely tender rather than in its more impassioned speech, Mr. Gabrilowitsch never found his way. The gentleness, the quiet wistfulness in the scherzo were without persuasiveness; the brooding quality in parts of the adagio made much less than its intended impression. Mr. Gabrilowitsch, in a word, had discovered Brahms to be excitedly masculine and insisted on his virility by every hair in his beard.

RADIO INCREASES STUDY OF MUSICAL ART

Radio is bringing about an increased study of instrumental and vocal music throughout the country. Great artists, who now perform frequently over the air, are inspiring many listeners-in to develop their own musical talents, according to a statement made by the National Broadcasting and Concert Bureau, New York.

"Schumann-Heink, McCormack and other great singers who have appeared before the microphone have influenced numbers of people to develop their own vocal talents," says George Engles, director of the bureau. "Their broadcasts always bring in numerous letters asking for advice about voice development. Invariably a microphone performance by Casals, Zimbalist, Harold Bauer or Kochanski is followed by requests for information about proceeding with the study of the instruments these artists represent."

Mr. Engles says there is a noticeable widening of interest in less familiar instruments. Many inquiries about the bassoon, the oboe, the clarinet, the English horn has been following in the wake of Walter Damrosch's RCA educational concerts.

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THE ACCIDENTAL MR. COWARD

(Continued from page 19)

jazz proper, and jazz developments in more serious music forms. Your endlessly varied, colorful rhythms—that you take so for granted—are absolutely inimitable anywhere else in the world. It's astounding, how every truckman over here can whistle the jazz hits of the hour, and whistle them absolutely correctly as to beat and rhythmic twists. Even the studied musicians in London can't get the swing of your jazz. They are so stirring, perhaps, because they are elemental, instinctive things; and being so, they are difficult of imitation. I tried for definite jazz effects in *Dance Little Lady*, and when we first put it on in London, it was impossible—I'm not using the term as an exaggeration—for the English musicians to get the proper swing. I don't know what would have happened to the number, had I not been fortunate enough to have an American Negro in the orchestra. He, of course, saw the rhythm I wanted without being shown, and he played it over and over, exaggerating the proper beats, until the others saw it too.

"I think that jazz properly belongs to America. I know that no other country has gotten the feel of it. I saw Krenek's so-called jazz opera, *Jonny spielt auf*, in Vienna last summer. And while I thought that parts of it were musically very interesting, and while I enjoyed the way the production, as a whole, was mounted, I was distinctly disappointed in the jazz part of it. There are a few jazz imitations, a few delayed beats, but it isn't for a moment real, consistent jazz.

"I hope that America is going to do something truly splendid—not just something commercially 'snappy'—with this wealth of rich jazz material, that belongs so inimitably to her."

TEXANS DIVIDE PRIZE

Announcement is made by the Composers' Club of San Antonio, Tex., that Carl Venth of Fort Worth and Mrs. Harwood Stacy of Austin are co-winners of the \$1,000 prize contest for Texas composers, sponsored by the club. Honorable mention is made of Frederick King, San Antonio; Frank Renard, Dallas; W. J. Marsh, Fort Worth, chairman of the Texas Composers' Guild, and Mrs. Fred Wallace, San Antonio. The judges were Ernest Schelling, Alberto Bimboni, and Boris Levenson, all of New York.

Feodor Chaliapin appeared in recital Jan. 21 in the Municipal Auditorium, San Antonio, under the local management of Edith M. Resch. Max Rabinowitch accompanied and played solos.

G. M. T.

BANDSMAN RETIRES

Principal Musician Louis A. Bilek has been retired after thirty years' service in the United States Marine Corps, the last twenty-one of which were spent as a member of the Marine Band.

A. T. M.

Musical America

KUSAKABE GIVES RECITAL

SAN FRANCISCO HEARS AMERICAN DEBUT

By Marjory M. Fisher

YOLANDA KUSAKABE, whom Italian critics style "The Madame Butterfly of the Piano," gave her first American concert in the Fairmont Hotel, San Francisco, on Jan. 23. Born of a Japanese father and an Italian mother and educated in Italy, Miss Kusakabe's talent presents an exquisite blending of her two inherited temperaments. She has the Latin fire and brilliance, yet she favors musical miniatures and delights in the more delicate imagery of Japanese art.

Mendelssohn's Variations Serieuses were played with rare poetic insight, plus the necessary brilliance. A Beethoven sonata was etched with the greatest delicacy, as were short numbers by Couperin, Gluck, Paradies, Satie, Borodin and Smetana. Two works by Yamada and one by Nobutoki were written in an occidental vein, although based on oriental ideas—and for no apparent reason. The Japanese artist played this music from her fatherland with the copy before her. The concluding number, Liszt's Rhapsody No. 11, was the least impressive of her numbers.

Miss Kusakabe is twenty-one and has concertized in Japan and Europe since graduating from the St. Cecilia Royal Academy at the age of thirteen. She has pulchritude as well as charm, and while her playing was not always letter perfect nor her pedalling always above reproach, this reviewer found her a delightful recitalist. Critical opinion was about evenly divided. Some praised her enthusiastically; some liked her not at all. True, other pianists have assets which this Japanese artist lacks; but on the other hand, some of our best pianists might well covet certain merits of this artist's work. Her appearance was under the management of Alice Seckels, and she plans a New York recital before sailing again for Italy. Respighi, when in San Francisco, spoke of Miss Kusakabe as "a fine talent; a real artist."

The Abas String Quartet featured Mozart's C major quartet, Ernest Bloch's In the Mountains, and Smetana's E minor quartet, From My Life, at its first concert of the new year in Scottish Rite Hall. The players achieved a thoroughly artistic success, and part of the beauty of their unified tone must be credited to the very fine instruments they have recently acquired. Nathan Abas, first violinist, has a Guaragnini violin formerly used by Mr. Betti of the Flonzaley Quartet and valued at \$11,000. Mr. Wolski's violin is by the same maker. Romain Verney's viola is a Tomasso Dalesstreiri, and Mr. Penha's cello is an Andreas Guarnerius formerly used by Servais, and valued at \$10,000 by the Wurlitzer Company, from whom all the Abas Quartet's instruments were purchased. The group's playing shows continuous development of mutual understand-



JEANNE DUSSEAU, CANADIAN SOPRANO

ing and the freedom born therefrom. The Largo of the Smetana work was outstanding.

Herbert Heyes was soloist at the fifth of the symphony "pops" in Dreamland Auditorium. Leader of the second violins, he played Lalo's Symphonie Espagnole in brilliant style. The orchestra offered d'Albert's The Improvisatore, Debussy's Afternoon of a Faun, Rimsky-Korsakoff's Coq d'Or Suite, Bocherini's Minuet, Jarnet's Prelude, Moszkowski's Serenade and Kreisler's Liebesfreud as orchestrated by Hertz. Obviously, it was a concert of "relaxation" for the orchestra and it played the familiar standbys well.

DANCES IN CALIFORNIA

One of the largest audiences assembled in the Municipal Auditorium, Long Beach, Cal., this season greeted Michio Ito and his dancers when they appeared Jan. 18. This was the third event in the Civic Concert Series, managed by Kathryn Coffield. Ito was, of course, the star of the performance, but the work of Dorothy Wagner, Pauline Koner, Hazel Wright, Georgia Graham and Kohana, met with approval. Musical backgrounds were furnished by Manuel Bernard and Raymond Saches, pianists.

The fourth concert given by the Long Beach Symphony Orchestra, Leonard J. Walker, director, had Ingwald Wicks as violin soloist.

A. M. G.

JEANNE DUSSEAU IN N. Y. RECITAL

JEANNE DUSSEAU, Canadian lyric soprano, is to appear on Sunday evening, Feb. 17, in the Guild Theatre, New York, presenting songs by Medtner which will thus come to their first American hearing, and a number of seldom-heard works by Debussy.

Mme. Dusseau, formerly of the Chicago Opera, created the role of Ninetta in Prokofiev's Love for Three Oranges, and recently won a prominent place in Canadian music by her distinguished work at the French-Canadian Folk Song Festivals in Quebec, the Scottish Music Festivals in Banff, and at the Sea Music Festival in Vancouver.

Opening with an aria from Bach's St. Matthew Passion, Mme. Dusseau's program will include a group of Rossignol or nightingale songs arranged by her accompanist, Alfred Laliberté of New York and Montreal. These songs, addressed by lovers to their traditional confidant, were heard at the Quebec Festival last May, and will be given for the first time in New York. Among the Medtner songs is a unique Sonata Vocalise, a work for voice and piano in which, save for a motto culled from Goethe, the melody is sung without words.

SAN FRANCISCO FORCES PLAY TO CHILDREN

The first of the children's concerts attracted a large assembly to the Curran Theatre in San Francisco when Wheeler Beckett directed the San Francisco Symphony and served as expositor. The flute, oboe, and English horn were explained and illustrated with the aid of Anthony Linden, Carlo Addimando, and Vincent Schipilliti.

The first movement of the Beethoven Fifth, excerpts from Gluck's Orfeo and Iphigenia in Aulis, and the singing of the Largo from Dvorak's New World Symphony comprised the program. The singing brought forth an original "songometer" which visibly criticized the audience's singing. When it chronicled "Hurrah"—every one was happy!

Mr. Beckett studied Beethoven symphonies with Felix Weingartner last summer, and his conducting has gained thereby. Alice Metcalf is manager of the children's symphony concerts.

M. M. F.

PREPARE WIDOR SUITE

The Kansas City Orchestral School, directed by N. De Rubertis, is preparing to play the First Suite for chamber orchestra by Widor. This is one of Widor's few works for orchestra.

The Women's Chamber of Commerce of Kansas City, Kan., is sponsoring the concert on Feb. 10 of the Prague Teachers' Chorus, that is, so far as the Kansas sale of tickets goes. The concert will be given in Convention Hall, Kansas City, Mo., for the benefit of the two Kansas Cities and Independence, Mo.

F. A. C.

VAN HOOGSTRAATEN SPRINGS SURPRISE GIVES SENSATIONAL SHOW PIECE IN PORTLAND

By David L. Piper

WILLEM VAN HOOGSTRAATEN, whose sleeve appears never to want for trump cards, sprang another surprise on the Symphony Orchestra patrons of Portland, Ore., when he demonstrated that a certain suite, *The Soul of Kin Sai*, aside from being deucedly hard to play, made a sensational show piece for his orchestra. The suite was composed by A. A. Avshalomoff of Portland, a young Russian who has made more than a cursory examination of oriental music. The suite was originally a ballet, for which the book was written by Ken Nazakawa, also of Portland. The final excerpt from the suite was introduced in New York last spring by Jacques Gershkovitch, leading eighty members of the Philharmonic. It has also been heard in San Francisco. Mr. van Hoogstraten is the first to program the entire suite.

Another local composer, Manfredo Chiafferelli, wedged his newest opera, *A Night in Venice*, in between two performances given by the D'Oyly Carte Opera Company. Chiafferelli's work contains much of the bold lyricism of his Italian progenitors. The music is both nocturnal and Venetian. Otherwise our check list of criteria of judgment tallies up against the opera.

The topsy-turvy world of Gilbert and Sullivan was placed on exhibit before Portland Savoyards for a week, when the D'Oyly Carte Opera Company, almost at the outset of a tour ultimately to encompass the entire United States, regaled us with Gilbert and Sullivan. The D'Oyly Carte Company is now in the throes of its first tour of the country, having crossed the Canadian boundary at Blaine, Wash., early in January.

The last of the famous operas in the Savoy series, the *Gondoliers*, was the first of the productions to be placed on exhibit in Portland's public auditorium, which, incidentally, was a rather poor makeshift substitute for the Savoy. Then came *The Mikado*, *Iolanthe*, *Trial by Jury*, and *The Pirates of Penzance*. *Ruddigore*, which was originally scheduled, never came to pass, as the stage sets were evidently missent from Seattle directly to California.

The D'Oyly Carters gave us the best Gilbert and Sullivan the west coast has ever had. Here, at last, are singers who live up fully to William Schwenck Gilbert's simple and single criterion for singing—you can understand the words. And Gilbert had reason to be proud of his words.

England's D'Oyly Carte Opera Company, founded more than forty years ago by old Savoy in London and silent partner of composer and librettist, made its first American appearance in Seattle the week of Jan. 14.

It is the intention of Rupert D'Oyly Carte, son of the late producer, to bring the London company and productions from the Princess Theatre to New York next season—provided the present tour is well

received. Seattle gave the visitors warm welcome, the audiences growing in size each night until many were turned away at the closing performances. In every detail, the productions and performances were of high order. The operas were *Iolanthe*, *Ruddigore*, *The Gondoliers*, *The Mikado*, *The Pirates of Penzance* and *Trial by Jury*.

When the Seattle Symphony Orchestra gave its sixth concert of the season Karl Krueger, conducting, chose Sibelius' Symphony No. 1 for the major work of the evening. Saint-Saens' Septet for trumpet, piano and strings brought triumph to the conductor and the soloists: John Hopper, piano; Joseph Impola, trumpet; John Weicher, first violin; Bruno Mailer, second violin; Hellier Collens, viola; Kolja Levienne, 'cello, and Herman Evers, bass. Mendelssohn's overture, Fingal's Cave and Liszt's Mephisto Waltz were included in the program.

FOR YOUNG ARTISTS

Auditions for the young artists' contest announced by the Matinee Musical Club of Philadelphia will be held in the week of Feb. 11. Three scholarships of \$300 each are offered to piano and violin players and to women singers. Contestants must be residents of Philadelphia, or resident not more than fifty miles distant. Mrs. Edward Philip Lynch is chairman.

HEARD IN BANGOR

In conjunction with the twenty-first annual convocation week of the Bangor Theological Seminary, held from Jan. 21 to 25, the Bangor Symphony, Adelbert Wells Sprague, conductor, gave a concert in the Bangor City Hall. Music by Weber, Hadley, Grieg, Schubert, Poldini and Bizet was played.

J. L. B.



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ANNOUNCE NEXT SEASON'S CARDS FOR LOS ANGELES

By HAL DAVIDSON CRAIN

FOLLOWING the return to Los Angeles of Merle Armitage, manager of the Los Angeles Opera Association, from his annual visit to eastern centers, comes the announcement that the season next October will bring performances of *Il Trovatore*, *Manon*, *Cavalleria Rusticana*, *Pagliacci*, *Tannhauser*, *Faust*, *La forza del Destino*, *Marta* and possibly one or two other works of popular mould. As the result of her success last season, it is expected that Elisabeth Rethberg will be the trump card. The complete list will be announced in March.

Meanwhile, operatic taste will be whetted by four performances of the Chicago Civic Opera Company in March. Although the musical fare will not be much more alluring than that held in prospect by the local organization, it will nevertheless have the virtue of bringing famous names to the boards. Rosa Raisa will present her version of *Norma* on March 8. Mary Garden as *Thais* will follow, to be succeeded by *Faust* with Edith Mason as the heroine and by Maria Olszewska as *Elsa* in *Lohengrin*. The Chicagoans will make their visit under the management of L. E. Behymer.

The Los Angeles Philharmonic Orchestra, Georg Schuevoicht conducting, gave its seventh symphonic pair of concerts on Jan. 17 and 18, with the Smallman A Cappella Choir assisting. It was not the happiest experience for this excellent band, which began with the *Oberon* overture and closed with Brahms' Third Symphony. Between these two numbers came Bach's motet, *Sing Yet to the Lord*, and the *Hallelujah Chorus* from *Messiah*. Weber's trusty warhorse did the usual turn with its accustomed ease, but the mighty Brahms music was taken far afield and left to forage in strange and barren pastures.

MR. SCHNEEVOIGHT'S accustomed versatility seemed to desert him and the orchestra floundered before adjusting its stride near the close of the last movement. The Smallman choir, making ready for its first coast-to-coast tour next season, deserves thanks for again choosing Bach's greatest motet for its chief offering. This splendid organization sings with facility and practised ease in Bach's polyphonic style, even though it does not scale the heights emotionally and spiritually. The timbre of the soprano section lacks warmth in the exceedingly difficult *tessitura* which the score demands, making the score scintillate with brilliance instead of pulsate with life. More smoothness in enunciation could easily be achieved without any sacrifice of clarity.

The orchestra gave its second concert in Santa Monica, under the auspices of the Santa Monica Bay Woman's Club, on the previous Tuesday evening, with Alicia Muma, soprano, as soloist. The event was one of prime significance to the Bay city.

Musical America

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OPEN RUSSIAN LIBRARY

WILL INCLUDE MORE THAN 400 MANUSCRIPTS

THE opening of an extensive library of Russian music at 22 East Fifty-fifth Street, New York, is announced by the American Society for Cultural Relations with Russia. This library already includes more than 400 manuscripts, among them copies of works of all the leading contemporaneous composers, according to Lucy Branham, secretary.

It will be kept open several hours daily with Julius Mattfeld, formerly connected with the music section of the New York Public Library, as librarian. On the shelves are at least twenty-eight of the newer symphonies and much of the best chamber music and songs, in addition to a few examples of older works.

Much of this contemporaneous music shows the influence of the new freedom of the people, both in melody and words, it is stated. There are love songs of the Volga, along whose banks a large part of the music of the nation has been written; there are songs of the revolution, of the Comsomol, and even a lullaby about Lenin.

Not only will music and books be added

to the library regularly, but criticism of new pieces or music performances carried in magazines and newspapers of this country and Russia will be filed.

To this end the Society availed itself of the offer of the services of Joseph Schillinger of Leningrad, a composer, who has dealt directly with publishing houses and fellow-composers, in adding to the organization's collection.

The object of the library is summarized as "to bring together those who are interested in Russian life and culture; to promote cultural intercourse between the two nations, and especially the interchange of students, doctors, scholars, artists, scientists and teachers; to collect and diffuse information in both countries on developments in science, education, philosophy, art, literature and social and economic life."

Specialists have given their services to the cause. The music committee includes Carlos Salzedo, Fritz Reiner, Georges Barrere, Joseph Achron, Sergei Radamsky, Kurt Schindler, Leopold Stokowski, Edgar Varese and Mr. Mattfeld.

THREE ENSEMBLES MAKE PHILADELPHIA DEBUTS

(Continued from page 58)

the group relinquished virtuoso ambitions and played with a delicate sense of affinity. The Brahms was a splendid exhibit of concerted endeavor. The Quartet proper played Haydn's Op. 76, No. 4, in B flat, and Schumann's Op. 41, No. 3, eluding the pitfalls of artful simplicity in the former, and realizing the lyric loveliness and romantic spirit of the latter.

The Stringwood group proved a thoroughly routined and musicianly aggregation of sincere artists. The music it discoursed was novel and interesting, the numbers being generally Russian or Hebrew. Of special interest were the Hebrew Suite of Engel, Binder's Variations on a Hebrew Prayer Motif, and Prokofieff's Sketch on Two Hebrew Themes. Boris Saslawsky, an excellent Russian baritone, was the soloist. He sang some characteristic music, with accompaniments arranged for the string-wood ensemble.

Several thousand persons gathered again in the Art Museum for the third free concert, made possible through the generosity of Mrs. Mary Louise Curtis Bok, and arranged by Louis Bailly. Mozart's Quartet in D minor was played by Gama Gilbert and Baen Sharlip, violinists; Sheppard Lehnhoff, viola player, and Orlando Cole, cellist. Brahms' Trio in C minor was played by Yvonne Krinsky, pianist, Iso Briselli, violinist, and Mr. Cole. Saint-Saens' Septet in E flat was given by the quartet, supplemented by Sylvan Levin,

pianist, Charles Barnes, trumpeter, and Harold Garrett, double bass. The young artists received sincere plaudits for a craftsmanlike performance, especially in the rarely heard Saint-Saens number. There was nothing amateurist about their work.

The Pennsylvania Grand Opera Company's performance of Andrea Chenier, Jan. 16, in the Academy of Music, witnessed the homecoming after several seasons' absence of a native singer, Bianca Saroya. Her Madeleine was pictorial to the eye and grateful to the ear. She developed the character convincingly and sang with much vocal richness. Two excellent artists highly favored of yore in Philadelphia had the roles of the poet and the Revolutionary. They were Giovanni Zenatello, one of Hammerstein's leading tenors of his Philadelphia Opera Company, and Pasquale Amato, heard here many times with the Metropolitan. The former, cast as Chenier, sang with tasteful elegance and much feeling. The latter was heard to great advantage as Gerard. Mario Fattori's smooth and deep bass was well adapted to the role of Matthieu, and his acting was vivid. The chorus, on account of the recent "strike" of some of its members, was smaller than usual but achieved some beautiful effects. Federico del Cupolo conducted a bit loudly in the opening act, due doubtless to his newness to the Academy acoustics, but later hit a better tonal average.

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WAGNER AND THE BLUE PENCIL

(Continued from page 16)

despairing tale on the plea that they are redundant and inessential to our knowledge of the plot, because it is very readily demonstrable that they are no such thing. The traditional notion that the Wotan scene solely rehearses the doings of "Das Rheingold" is so far from fact that only through twenty-seven measures is there allusion to the transactions of the prologue. The rest is a statement of highly portentous events unknown to the listener which have brought matters to their present tragic pass.

But, manifestly, the principal cuts made by Seidl were generous time savers. Moreover, from what I have learned of them they were not the kind that ruthlessly violated the fabric of the score. There are pages in all of Wagner's operas where, musically and dramatically, eliminations may be accomplished with a surprising logic and smoothness of transition as well as without devastation to the structure of the organism. And whether by accident or design these passages are almost invariably of fairly impressive extent. Admirable examples of this are the customary gap made in the Wotan-Fricka scene ("Die Betrog'ne lass' auch zertreten" to "Was verlangst du?"); the Wanderer's "Ein Vöglein schwatzt wohl Manches" to "Den Weg, den es zeigte"; David's instructive litany; the spacious interchange on day and night in the second act of "Tristan" and in the third, the pages from "Isolde scheint" to "Ach Isolde, süsse Holde!"; also, much of Gurnemanz's story in the first act of "Parsifal."

Do not mistake me. In citing these portions I am not aiming to decry them as inessential or inferior (there is no inferior music in the Wagner who had struck his gait—only great music and greater). But if our Wagner operas must be made to yield up a reasonable slice of the time their undiminished fullness devours we shall merely lose our labor and outrage heaven-storming art by hacking from these scores a dozen or two despicable snippets. Louis Ehlert, speaking of "Tristan," once observed that "a blue pencil was useless where only a sword would help." There is salutary truth of a kind in this. But such a sword must needs be wielded by a gallant and expert swordsman. Like Caesar, Wagner must be "carved as a dish fit for the gods, not hewn as a carcass fit for hounds."

STUDENTS IN CONCERTS

Students of Turtle Bay Music School were heard in a concert in the Laboratory Theatre, New York, on the afternoon of Feb. 3, assisted by Martha Whittemore, 'cellist. Miss Whittemore, accompanied by Joan Lloyd, played a group of numbers by Bach and Granados. Students taking part, included: Marie Stevens, Agnes Smith, Philip Spieler, Bernice Seffer, Harry Jonigian, Irving Smith, Tony Russo, Linda Wesik, Pearl Gutes, Tony La Macchia, Max Danziger and Maurice Graham.